Mr. Rogers vs. A.I.

(A **Non-Musical** Comedy With A Few Songs)

By William Missouri Downs

Lyrics by Sean Stone and William Missouri Downs

Music by Sean Stone

303 549 4337
Downs@me.com

Agent:
Patricia McLaughlin
Beacon Artists Agency
57 West 57th Street - 4th floor
New York, New York 10019
212-736-6630
BeaconAgency@hotmail.com

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Cast 5 to 6
(The characters of 'Mr. Rogers' and 'Person from Audience' can be doubled)

JOJO(20ish, Female, Any Race)
A musical theatre major

MARTHA DRAKE (Ageless, Female, Any Race)
A hyper-connected, multitasking, high-functioning alcoholic

GEORGE DRAKE (Ageless, Male, Any Race)
A hyper-connected, multitasking, high-functioning alcoholic

BROOKLYN GRAY (30ish, Male, Any Race)
A vehement writer who still uses a typewriter

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE (Ageless, Any Gender, Any Race)
A member of the audience who works for Google A.I.

MR. ROGERS (Ageless, Any Gender, Any Race)
The charming, mild-mannered children's host

SETTING: The stage is fractured, incomplete. The playing area becomes various suggested locations. There's a bed, a sofa, and doors, but none of it adds up to a unified whole, just like modern life. The theatrical lights above and the braces that hold the fractured partial walls together are exposed. It's as if the crew lost focus and left to get drunk before the set was finished.

TIME & PLACE: Right here and now.

PLEASE NOTE: THIS IS NOT A MUSICAL, but there are three short songs. Piano sheet music is at the end of the script, but the authors also have it pre-recorded, just send us an e-mail and we'll send you the M3p file.

SHORT PITCH: George and Martha, two short attention span multitasking I-phone junkies, post an abusive drama review on YouTube. Their antics get over a million hits, and the play closes. The playwright seeks them out, holds them hostage, and forces them to mono-task by having a face-to-face conversation as if they were in a play. Although this is not a musical, this comedy has songs like “Stanislavsky Gave Me Herpes.” The result is a fast-paced farce about how technology and A.I. have rewired our brains. The story compares the idyllic world of Mr. Rogers to the apocalyptic anxieties of modern reality.

Mr. Rogers vs. A.I.

Please Note

As the audience enters the theatre they pass through metal detectors. The ushers (or actors) act like TSA agents.

(The lights power up on the sofa as GEORGE and MARTHA invade the room. They're modern-high-energy multitasking, workaholic/alcoholics permanently attached to their iPhones. They hold programs for the play Brain Freeze.)

GEORGE

(Pissed with drink, hammered)

That! Is an hour and a half I'll never get back!

MARTHA

(On her cell, power drunk, lying)

Yes, we had a marvelous time!

GEORGE

What the hell was that about?

MARTHA

(Waving him off)

Arlene, can we talk later? ...No, we haven't been drinking. Thanks for the tickles, I mean pickles. What am I saying// Tickets!

(She hangs up. He makes drinks. During the scene they power down cocktails.)

GEORGE

(Intense)

So we live in a world filled with misery and suffering and viruses and it's going to end badly - Who doesn't know this?

MARTHA
And all that dialogue!

GEORGE
I thought the stupid actors would never shut their stupid mouths.

MARTHA
And what the hell was all that talk about “Dead Zones”?

GEORGE
And what was the smoking luggage supposed to represent?

MARTHA
I think it might have been a reference to global warming.

GEORGE
Oh who cares, do you care?

MARTHA
God no. I’d better text Kathy and Karen in sales and warn’em. I think they’re going tomorrow night.

(She thumb-types her iPhone.)

(iPhone bings.)

MARTHA
Is’at you or me?

GEORGE
(Off his phone)
Me. It’s my mother. *(Squinting to read his phone)* “Dear George, just want to let you know, your Uncle Bob dropped dead twenty minutes ago.”

MARTHA
(On her phone, not listening)
Say hello for me.

GEORGE
Wow, he must’ve been, like, ninety. I should send flowers.

MARTHA
(Not looking up)
What’s this now?

GEORGE

Uncle Bob, dead.

MARTHA

(Still thumb typing)

Wow, he must've been, like, ninety. You should send flowers.

GEORGE

(To his iPhone)

Siri, what type of flowers are appropriate for a funeral?

SIRI FROM PHONE

"Okay, here's what I found for what type of flooring is appropriate for Ferrets."

GEORGE

(Talking to his iPhone)

No. What type of *flowers* are appropriate for a *funeral*?

SIRI FROM PHONE

"Okay, here's what I found for what are the hours for the baccalaureate tribunal."

(iPhone bings.)

MARTHA

Is'at?

GEORGE

Me. *(Off his iPhone, matter of factly)* Terrorist attack in Kazakhstan, thirty-two dead. *(Without a beat)* Don't tell me we're out of gin.

(iPhone bings.)

MARTHA

(Off her phone)

Stop! It's a text from our boss. *(Reading)* "Enjoyed the play tonight, thanks for taking me." Holy crap.

GEORGE

What's wrong?

MARTHA

(Deeply troubled)

He didn't use any exclamation points!

GEORGE

You're kidding.

MARTHA

(Regretting)

What were we thinking taking him to a play? We blew it.

GEORGE

(Amazed, off her phone)

Not one exclamation point?

MARTHA

Do you realize what this means? We're not going to get a holiday bonus this year.

GEORGE

Maybe he, like, like, forgot.

MARTHA

No, he always uses at least three exclamation points if he likes something or at the very least a smiley face. *(Bitter, paranoid)* Now it all makes sense, Arlene set us up. I was in the break room and she said, "take the boss to a play, that'll impress him. I can get you tickles." She knew what she was doing.

(His iPhone bings.)

GEORGE

(Off his phone)

Found it.*(Reading his phone)* "Classic deep red roses evoke love and grief. The rarer dark pink are used to express thankfulness to the dead." Bingo.

(He pushes buttons on his phone.)

MARTHA

I'm going to get that little bitch. I'm goin' to take her and her comp tickles and I'm goin' to...*(Into her iPhone)* Siri, how do you get someone fired?

SIRI FROM PHONE

Okay, here's what I found for, how to get a blowgun wired.

(iPhone bings.)

GEORGE

What should the e-card say? We get three choices: *(Squinting to read)* “Our thoughts are with you.” “Deepest sympathy.” Or a third that sounds like the first two.

MARTHA

Just pick one.

(He closes his eyes and picks one.)

GEORGE

Emojification?

MARTHA

Sad face with tear.

GEORGE

(Scrolling the emojis)

Sad face with tear. Sad face with tear.

MARTHA

Now that I think about it, this is all that damn theatre’s fault. Are you listening?

GEORGE

(Focusing on his phone)

Scrolling, scrolling.

MARTHA

The program clearly stated that the play was seventy-five minutes without intermission. In fact it was eighty-one! I hate theatre people, they can’t tell time.

(iPhone bings.)

MARTHA

Is’at?

GEORGE

You.

MARTHA

(Off her phone)

It’s Kathy and Karen. *(Reading)* “Thanks. Will avoid.” And three exclamation points. See, that’s how it’s done.

GEORGE

Sad face with tear - Found it. And send.

MARTHA

(Calculating)

Wait. Idea. Why tell just Kathy and Karen? We need to tell the world this play sucks.

GEORGE

We could facebook it.

MARTHA

But then only my three-hundred-and-forty-two close personal friends'll see it. And only two will like it.

GEORGE

Snapchat?

MARTHA

So yesterday.

GEORGE

Post a hate-filled review on YouTube?

MARTHA

You are a genius!

(iPhone bings.)

GEORGE

Is'at?

MARTHA

Me. *(Squinting, off her phone)* It's my gynecologist, pap smear's normal.

GEORGE

Let's do it in front of the books, it'll make us look smarter-er.

(They stumble over to their tiny collection of books, like seven.)

MARTHA

Listen to me, this is important. Are you listening?

GEORGE
(Not listening)
To every word!

MARTHA
(Drunkly stumbling on her words)
We must make this totally magnanimous.

GEORGE
What?

MARTHA
You know what I mean... magnanimous.

GEORGE
Are you trying to say anonymous?

MARTHA
That's what I'm saying.

GEORGE
Agreed.

(He's ready for a selfie-video.)

MARTHA
Wait. Put it up higher, it'll make us look younger.

GEORGE
Ready?

MARTHA
And tilt your head, it'll highlight your cheekbones.

GEORGE
Ready?

MARTHA
Wait. Get closer. I want everyone to think we have a fantastic sex life.

(They go into their perfect pose which they do for all selfies.)

GEORGE
And we're recording!

MARTHA
(To the iPhone)
Hello world!

GEORGE’
(To the iPhone)
George and Martha Drake here.

MARTHA
This was supposed to be magnanimous.

GEORGE
Well, it’s too late now. Go!

MARTHA
We just got back from the play 'Brain Freeze' at the Dirty Fish Theatre Company and it...

GEORGE
(Doing a close up on his face)
Suuuuuuuucked!

MARTHA
All the actors did was talk.

GEORGE
And to make things worse there were scenes that lasted like *ten minutes*.

MARTHA
He’s not making this crap up, folks, I was there, I can verify!

GEORGE
I mean, two people doing *nothing* but talking for a whole ten whole minutes!

MARTHA
Who does that anymore?

GEORGE
And there was this monologue.

MARTHA
O.M.G. The monologue, at the end.

GEORGE

It lasted for like, like, like... What?

MARTHA

Three minutes!

GEORGE

Three continual minutes of someone just talking at you! Can you believe it!

MARTHA

You can’t make this crap up, people!

GEORGE

And it took place at a dinner party.

MARTHA

Like, what the hell?

GEORGE

Who does dinner parties any more?

MARTHA

And what was that reference to Mr. Rogers about?

GEORGE

I don’t know. It made no sense!

MARTHA

I hereby swear we’ll never go to the theatre again!

GEORGE

Pinky swear!

MARTHA

Pinky swear!

(*They have trouble finding each other’s pinkies*.)

MARTHA

‘cept musicals.

GEORGE

That’s right, ‘cept musicals.

MARTHA

People who write musicals are different, they care!

GEORGE

Give me a musical by, by, by Jerome... ah...

MARTHA

Hammer-sing-ie.

GEORGE

Or, or Stephen Sond-hammer.

MARTHA

No. Not him. He sucks.

GEORGE

You're right. *(Shouting at the phone)* You suck Stephen Sond-hammer!

MARTHA

I can verify that!

GEORGE

But, but, but Andrew Lloyd... whatever.

MARTHA

Yes! Him! He cares.

GEORGE

That's because musical theatre people care in general! Unlike... What was this playwright's name?

MARTHA
(reading the program)

Ah... Brooklyn Gray.

GEORGE
(To the iPhone)

Screw you Brooklyn Gray!

MARTHA
(To the iPhone)

That's right, screw you and your stupid dialogue!

GEORGE
(Barking)
You Suck-ity Suck!

MARTHA
Ten minute scenes!

GEORGE
Three minute monologues!

MARTHA
Someone needs to off this S.O.B. before he can write another play!

GEORGE
It's official! As of tonight - because of you Brooklyn Gray - Theatre! Dead!

(MARTHA gives the finger to the iPhone.)

MARTHA
Right there Brooklyn Gray! You suck!

(He does a close up of his crotch.)

GEORGE
Suck this!

(She gets down and points at his crotch.)

MARTHA
That's right! Suck that!

GEORGE
You Suck Brooklyn Gray!

GEORGE AND MARTHA
(Chanting)
You Suck Brooklyn Gray! You Suck Brooklyn Gray!

(She slips and falls. He tries to help her but ends up falling too.)

(From the floor they scream with laughter. He stops recording.)

GEORGE

Shall I post?

MARTHA

Post!

GEORGE

But everyone'll see it. Even our boss.

MARTHA

Do it! Post it!

GEORGE

But//.

MARTHA
(Chanting)

Do It! Do It! Do It!

(He stupidly hits a button.)

GEORGE

I did it! I posted it!

(Guffawing.)

GEORGE

I need to throw up!

(iPhone bings.)

GEORGE

Is'at?

MARTHA
(Off her iPhone)

Me. O.M.G.! It's a text from our boss. "P.S." *(Beat)* Ha! Three exclamation points!

GEORGE

What?!

MARTHA

He texted three exclamation points!!! Crisis averted!

(They laugh with joy.)

GEORGE

But you know he's lying.

MARTHA

We do?

GEORGE

Cause that play suckity-sucked!

(He slaps the floor and laughs.)

MARTHA

(drunkenly thumb typing)

"So glad you liked it." Exclamation point, exclamation point, exclamation point. Shall I go for gold?

GEORGE

Do it!

MARTHA

(Thumb typing)

Smiley Face!

GEORGE

Now, I really do gotta throw up!

MARTHA

And I'll throw up after you. *(Thumb typing)* Dear Arlene, thanks for the pickles. Exclamation point. Exclamation point. Exclamation point. Winking face with stuck out tongue.

(iPhone bings.)

GEORGE

Is'at?

MARTHA

You.

GEORGE

(Off his phone)

Flower order confirmed. Farewell Uncle Bob!

MARTHA

(Off her phone)

Sweetheart, guess what?

GEORGE

What?

MARTHA

We've already got one view.

GEORGE

You Suck Brooklyn Gray!

GEORGE AND MARTHA

(Chanting)

You Suck Brooklyn Gray! You Suck Brooklyn Gray! You Suck Brooklyn Gray!

(Drunk and giggling, they crawl off, still chanting.)

(The play's tone completely changes as the Candyland lights cover the stage. A piano warmly tinkles.)

(Enter MR. ROGERS, children's show host. As he sings, he removes his coat, puts on a red cardigan, and changes into comfortable sneakers.)

*(**Please Note**: What follows is not Mr Roger's iconic song so you are safe copyright wise. The sheet music is attached at the end of the script, but recorded piano music is also available from the author.)*

MR. ROGERS

(SINGING)

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD
SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR A NEIGHBOR WOULD
YOU BE MY NEIGHBOR? COULD YOU BE MY
NEIGHBOR? WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY, AND HOW
UNSEASONABLY WARM IF THIS IS CLIMATE
CHANGE, I DON'T SEE ANY HARM LIFE WILL GO
AS PLANNED WHEN YOUR HEAD IS IN THE SAND
WE GO ENDLESSLY DRILLING
AND SPILLING AND LOOTING AND NO ONE IS
WILLING
TO END THE POLLUTING

THAT’S POISONING THE EARTH AND THE AIR
THERE’S SO MANY KILLINGS AND SO MANY
SHOOTINGS AND EVERYONE’S ARMED WITH INTENT
TO DO HARM AND WE’RE SHORT ON COMMON SENSE
BUT WE GOT LOTS OF THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND I HOPE YOU’RE IN
THE MOOD
TO SPEND SOME TIME TOGETHER
WATCHING THE WORLD BECOME UNGLUED WE COULD
LEARN TO BE MORE CARING WE COULD LEARN TO
BE MORE SHARING WE COULD LEARN TO SETTLE
DOWN AND THINK THINGS THROUGH SO LET ME
SHARE
THIS BEAUTIFUL DAY WITH YOU

MR ROGERS

(Kindly, To audience)

And some Prozac. Would you like to share my Prozac?

(He improvises with the audience as he hands out Prozac.)

MR. ROGERS

Boys and girls, if you are thinking that was not Mr. Roger’s iconic song, you’re right it’s not. It’s just different enough that this theatre can’t be sued. Can you say, ‘Thank you, theatre for skirting the copyright laws?

(Mr. Rogers prompts the audience to answer.)

MR ROGERS

Thank you, theatre for...

MR. ROGERS & AUDIENCE

Skirting the copyright laws!

MR. ROGERS

Very good! Before we continue the play, the management would like to apologize for using metal detectors as you entered. Metal detectors can be scary. But it’s okay to feel scared. You just need to understand that we have to make sure none of you are a threat to national security. Can you say that? Threat to...

(Mr. Rogers prompts the audience to answer.)

MR. ROGERS & AUDIENCE

National security.

MR. ROGERS

Very good. You just saw a scene about George and Martha. They are functioning alcoholics. Can you say high functioning...

MR. ROGERS & AUDIENCE

Alcoholics.

(A piano tinkles.)

MR. ROGERS

Oh. Did you hear that? That means it’s time to change scenes. We now take you to a tiny studio apartment, not much more than a bed, a computer and a Amazon Alexa.

(Lights up on a small bed with a computer sitting next to it.)

MR. ROGERS

This is the apartment of Jojo Porchnik. She’s about to have unprotected sex with man she met four hours ago. Can you say Venereal disease? Venereal...

MR. ROGERS & AUDIENCE

Disease!

MR. ROGERS

The man she’s invited up is named Brooklyn Gray. Have we heard that name before? That’s right. He’s the playwright who wrote the play that George and Martha posted about. Whatever’s about to happen, Jojo and Brooklyn’s relationship has no future beyond a regrettable one night stand. Can you say, regrettable...

(He prompts the audience.)

MR. ROGERS & AUDIENCE

One night stand.

MR. ROGERS

If you don’t know what that is, don’t worry you’ll know soon enough. Okay, it’s later that same night. Let’s see what happens shall we?

(MR. ROGERS steps aside. The lights crash back to reality.)

(JOJO and BROOKLYN enter the small apartment. She's a bit grunge and a free sprit. He, like most playwrights is neurotic and uncomfortable with reality.)

JOJO

What ya think?

BROOKLYN

Ah. Small.

JOJO

Not that small. One hundred and twenty square feet. Guess who once lived here.

BROOKLYN

Little people?

JOJO

Mel Brooks.

BROOKLYN

You're kidding.

JOJO

Back when he was writing for the Emperor of Rome.

BROOKLYN

The Emperor of Rome?

JOJO

Caesar.

BROOKLYN

...You mean Sid Caesar.

JOJO

Who?

BROOKLYN

Sid Caesar, the brilliant TV comedian of the 1950's, not Julius Caesar the sociopath who lived two thousand years ago.

JOJO

Seventy years ago, two thousand years ago, what's the dif.

(Her iPhone bings. She checks it.)

BROOKLYN

Have to be somewhere?

JOJO

(Off phone, matter-of-factly)

No, my blackhead dissolving gel shipped. Wine?

BROOKLYN

Ah. Sure.

JOJO

All I got is cheap generic. Matter of fact it's so cheap it's called Cheap Generic.

(She picks up half a bottle of "Cheap Generic.")

BROOKLYN

Sounds horrible.

JOJO

And it's lukewarm.

BROOKLYN

You've sold me. Pour.

(During the following she unscrews bottle and pours into paper cups.)

BROOKLYN

(Looking at the place)

Mel Brooks. Wow. Him in this place!

JOJO

Yeah, in my ancient history class we learned about him.

BROOKLYN

You go to a university that still offers history classes - I'm impressed.

JOJO

Only online. Got an "A." But who doesn't. Wait! I think I might've binged a Mel Brooks movie once. It was about this guy who was like trying to do a musical about dancing Hitlers.

BROOKLYN

‘The Producers.’

JOJO

Might’ve been. I don’t know, I skipped through it on my I-pad.

BROOKLYN

How can you be a musical theatre major and never have seen ‘The Producers?’

JOJO

I saw it.

BROOKLYN

I mean all of it, all the way through.

JOJO

I only watch musicals that have princesses in them.

BROOKLYN

Skipped through it is like seeing a replica of the Grand Canyon and saying you saw it.

JOJO

I did in fact once see a replica of the Grand Canyon in Las Vegas.

BROOKLYN

Why didn’t you drive four hours and see the real thing?

JOJO

Why should I? I saw it.

BROOKLYN

But//

JOJO

Have you ever seen the movie ‘The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai Across the 8th Dimension’?

BROOKLYN

...No.

JOJO

I might ask you the same.

(She offers him a half eaten bag of Cheetos. Her sheets are covered in Cheetos.)

JOJO

Cheeto?

BROOKLYN

I'm okay.

(Her iPhone bings. She checks it.)

BROOKLYN

Really, if you have something to do.

JOJO

(Off her phone, matter-of-factly)

Terrorist attack in Nepal. Fifty-eight dead. *(Without a beat)* You know, I only allow special people here. Only literary giants.

BROOKLYN

What other 'giants' made the grade?

JOJO

You're my first. I even own a copy of 'Intellectual Misdemeanors.'

(She picks up a thin book.)

JOJO

It's priced on Amazon at one cent but if it were autographed it might be worth, like... two.

BROOKLYN

Sure. Give.

(She hands him the book. He starts to sign but stops.)

BROOKLYN

Ah, this is embarrassing...

JOJO

Jojo.

BROOKLYN

Jojo, I knew that.

(He didn't know that. He autographs the book and tosses it aside.)

JOJO

Shall we continue this conversation in bed?

BROOKLYN

Sure. I'll just move your Harry Potter coloring book over here and we can get started.

JOJO

(Referring to her computer)

Camera on or off on that computer?

BROOKLYN

Camera?

(She points at the computer next to the bed.)

JOJO

I can cover the built-in camera on my computer with a smiley face sticker if you'd like.

BROOKLYN

(Amazed)

You *voluntarily* live-stream your love making?

JOJO

Don't you feel like you're in danger of disappearing if you're not being observed? I post therefore I exist.

BROOKLYN

...Well, if you don't mind, I'd rather have what Richard Nixon called "plausible deniability."

JOJO

Richard who?

BROOKLYN

Nixon. During the post performance talk-back I'll tell you all about him.

(It's not that JOJO is dumb, she's just a product of the modern age.)

JOJO

So no internet.

BROOKLYN

Rather not.

JOJO

What about Facebook?

BROOKLYN

That's part of the internet.

JOJO

Oh, right.

(She puts a smiley face sticker over the camera on her Mac. Then sits down beside him. Awkward moment, then she tries to kiss him.)

JOJO

Wait, problem, my smart-vibrator is connected to the web.

BROOKLYN

(Amazed)

You use a vibrator that's connected to the *world wide* web?

JOJO

Why do you think it's called 'smart.'

BROOKLYN

You do know that means that your vibrator can be hacked.

JOJO

No, I installed a firewall. This morning I downloaded version 9.3.1

BROOKLYN

What are a 'terms of services agreement' like on a vibrator firewall like?

JOJO

Don't know, who reads.

BROOKLYN

But if you don’t read the terms of service - it could be ‘Mein Kampf’ that you’re agreeing to.

JOJO

Mein what?

BROOKLYN

Aren’t you afraid of being tagged and tracked?

JOJO

If you have something that you don’t want anyone to know, maybe you shouldn’t be doing it in the first place.

BROOKLYN

Tell ya what, let’s not use any device that has the word ‘smart’ in it.

JOJO

Are you telling me that you’re unconnected?

BROOKLYN

I don’t have a cell-phone, I shutdown my Facebook account and I use a typewriter.

JOJO

Typewriter? Oh, wait, you mean like Charles Dickens.

BROOKLYN

What?

JOJO

Like in olden days.

BROOKLYN

Yes, like Charles Dickens.

JOJO

So, if I’m catching your drift, you’re telling me that you won’t be interested in posting a post-climax selfie.

BROOKLYN

Let’s, ah, cross that bridge when we get there.

(She kisses his neck.)

(Her iPhone bings.)

JOJO
(Off her iPhone)
Pandemics back, we’d better hurry.

(They start to get into it. After a moment.)

JOJO
Alexa, play sex music.

(Her Amazon Alexa lights up. Cheep, creepy porn music plays.)

BROOKLYN
Ah... Ah...

JOJO
Jojo

BROOKLYN
Jojo, could we do without the music?

JOJO
What for?

BROOKLYN
It’s kinda breaking my concentration.

JOJO
Yeah but it really triggers me.

BROOKLYN
But it kinda un-triggers me.

JOJO
(Disappointed)
Okay sure. Alexa, stop playing sex music.

(The sex music stops.)

BROOKLYN
How do you know that someone at Amazon’s world headquarters isn’t listening in?

JOJO
What’s the dif?

(*She tries to kiss him.*)

BROOKLYN

Doesn't it bother you?

JOJO

They say they don't and I believe'em.

BROOKLYN

But how do you know?

JOJO

Guess I don't.

BROOKLYN

But how can you live without knowing?

JOJO

I don't know who you are and I'm okay with that.

BROOKLYN

Well, maybe you shouldn't be okay with that.

JOJO

Okay. You're right. Alexa, who is Brooklyn Gray?

ALEXA

(*From her Amazon Alexa*)

"Brooklyn Gray is a playwright and short story writer. His most notable work, 'Intellectual Misdemeanors' was panned by the New York Times who called it meaningless gibberish. His credit rating is--"

BROOKLYN

Siri--

JOJO

Alexa--

BROOKLYN

Alexa, shut up.

(*He goes back to kissing her neck.*)

JOJO

Can I be honest? Didn't like your play tonight.

(That stops him cold.)

BROOKLYN

Excuse me?

JOJO

I think I might've got bored.

BROOKLYN

Because?

JOJO

It took place at a dinner party.

BROOKLYN

What's wrong with that?

JOJO

(Still eating Cheetos)

Who goes to dinner parties anymore? And what was the smoking luggage about?

BROOKLYN

It was a reference to global warming.

JOJO

What?

BROOKLYN

The end of humankind as we know it.

JOJO

Oh. *(without out beat)* And the actors did an awful lot of talking.

BROOKLYN

What's wrong with that?

JOJO

Talking's a time-suck.

BROOKLYN

So let's not talk. I'll just put the Cheetos over here to free up your hands.

(He puts the Cheetos aside and kisses her neck.)

(Behind his back she quietly takes out her iPhone and checks it.)

BROOKLYN
(Kissing her neck)
Something wrong?

JOJO
(Distracted by her phone)
No, why?

BROOKLYN
It seems, like you're... removed. Wait. Are you on your phone?

JOJO
(Thumb typing)
If you're doing less than three things at once, you're not living.

BROOKLYN
(Shocked)
Are you checking your e-mails?

JOJO
Updating status. *with my emojis* -- Eggplant, Jackhammer, Cherry, Explosion... Shower head.

BROOKLYN
Could you please concentrate on the task at hand.

(He goes back to kissing her neck, after a moment she again checks her phone behind his back.)

BROOKLYN
(Frustrated)
What are you doing now, playing Candy Crush?

JOJO
I can do more than one thing at a time. It's called multitasking.

BROOKLYN

But I don't want multitasking, I want mono-tasking, full frontal mono-tasking!

JOJO

Did you know that your play tonight lasted eighty-one minutes.

BROOKLYN

(Confused by the topic change)

What're we talking about now?

JOJO

That's like an hour and twenty-one minutes.

BROOKLYN

So? Plays used to last three, four hours and have five acts.

JOJO

Have you seen this?

(She shows him her iPhone.)

JOJO

It's a YouTube review about your play. And it's got like twenty thousand hits.

BROOKLYN

Let me see that.

(They sit together and watch the video from her iPhone.)

GEORGE

(From iPhone)

Screw you Brooklyn Gray!

MARTHA

(From iPhone)

That's right, screw you and your stupid dialogue!

GEORGE

(From iPhone)

You Suckity-suck!

(A cell phone rings in the audience.)

MARTHA
(From iPhone)
Ten minute scenes!

GEORGE
(From iPhone)
Three minute monologues!

MARTHA
(From iPhone)
Someone needs to off this S.O.B. before he can write another play!

(More ringing from the audience.)

GEORGE
(From iPhone)
It’s official! As of tonight! Because of you Brooklyn Gray - Theatre! Dead!

MARTHA
(From iPhone)
Right there Brooklyn Gray! You suck!

GEORGE
(From iPhone)
Suck this!

MARTHA
(From iPhone)
That’s right! Suck that!

(Still more ringing in the audience.)

(BROOKLYN breaks character.)

BROOKLYN
(Pissed, To audience)
Do you mind! If you haven’t noticed, we’re trying to do a play!

BROOKLYN
(To audience)
Thank you. You know this isn't easy, it takes concentration and, and, and talent!

JOJO
(Breaking character)
Let it go.

(During the following a PERSON FROM THE AUDIENCE walks up on stage and plugs his iPhone into a socket in the George and Martha living room area.)

BROOKLYN
(To audience)
There was an announcement made. Turn off your phones!

(BROOKLYN stops and watches the PERSON FROM AUDIENCE in amazement.)

BROOKLYN
May I help you?

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE
Huh?

BROOKLYN
What the hell are you...?!

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE
Oh, my phone's dead.

BROOKLYN
We're trying to do a play!

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE
Yeah, but I need juice.

BROOKLYN
We're acting!

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE
Seemed like a dull spot, all you were doing was watching the Youtube thing and I thought it was like a twitter break.

BROOKLYN

You can't walk up on stage during a play!

JOJO

He's/She's right.

BROOKLYN

I know I'm right.

JOJO

No, *he's/she's* right. Maybe we should have twitter breaks.

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

And install charging stations under the seats like they do in airports.

JOJO

Basic man, basic.

(The PERSON FROM AUDIENCE continues to struggle to make his/her phone charge.)

BROOKLYN

You are aware that's not a real outlet.

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

Meaning?

BROOKLYN

It's fake! What did you think I meant?

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

Thought it was like a philosophical question about life or something.

BROOKLYN

Get off the stage!

(The PERSON FROM AUDIENCE starts back to his seat.)

BROOKLYN

(To Jojo, flustered)

Where were we?!

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE
By the way, when does the singing start?

BROOKLYN
What?

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE
This is a musical, right?

BROOKLYN
What the hell made you think this was a musical?

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE
Someone said something about music.

BROOKLYN
She's a musical theatre major, it's not a musical! It's a play, a play where people have realistic dialogue.

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE
Realistic boring dialogue.

(PERSON FROM THE AUDIENCE starts to leave. Stops.)

BROOKLYN
Get Off The Stage!

(The PERSON FROM AUDIENCE exits back inTo audience. BROOKLYN tries to pull himself together.)

JOJO
(Out of character)
You know, it's not such a bad idea. Making it a musical.

BROOKLYN
We're not making it a musical!

JOJO
Why not?

BROOKLYN
Cause musicals are stupid.

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE
(O.S.)
“Cats” wasn’t so bad.

BROOKLYN
“Cats” is crap! Get out! Can I have an usher please! Out!

(MR ROGERS leads the PERSON FROM THE AUDIENCE off.)

BROOKLYN
(Concentration blown)
Ah. Where were we?

JOJO
Don’t remember.

BROOKLYN
Let’s just cut to the end of the scene? Take it from your line, ah... “You’re right, I cannot be a complete human being if...”

JOJO
Got it. *(Under her breath)* Asshole.

(During the following JOJO changes her position on the bed. Gets under the covers.)

BROOKLYN
(To audience)
Ladies and gentlemen, I’m so sorry for the interruption. At the end of this scene, my character gives a long passionate monologue about how people like her have what John Stuart Mill called a “deficiency of imagination.” And then there’s another long monologue where my character explains to her who John Stuart Mill was. But then she begins to understand how flawed her whole generation is, and then she says...

(He gets into bed beside her, they pull up the sheets. She messes up her hair. But she’s not in character yet.)

JOJO
(Not in character)
Hold on. Let me re-center myself.

(She centers herself, whatever that is.)

BROOKLYN
(Under his breath)
Come on.

JOJO
Okay. Ready.

(And we're back into the play)

JOJO
(In character)
You're right, I cannot be a complete human being if I walked out on 'The Producers.'

(Her phone bings.)

BROOKLYN
Don't answer.

JOJO
(Dramatically)
No, I won't. Nor am I going to blog about it, or Instagram it, or share it on any sort of messaging cloud service. Let's turn the world off and ourselves on.

BROOKLYN
Full frontal mono-tasking?

JOJO
Exactly!

(They fall into each other's arms. Lights out. Wild porn music blares for a moment, then...)

(MR. ROGERS enters and the candy-land lights return.)

MR. ROGERS
That wasn't very nice of that person walking up on stage during the scene was it.

(A piano tinkles.)

MR. ROGERS

Oh, did you hear that? That means it’s time to put these two scenes together and see what happens. It’s the next morning. We’re back to George and Martha’s apartment. You remember George and Martha? They’re high functioning alcoholics. And they have hangovers. Can you say Pedialyte?

MR. ROGERS & AUDIENCE

Pedialyte.

MR. ROGERS

Very good. Let’s see what happens.

(MR. ROGERS steps aside. The lights crash back to reality.)

(Badly hungover, MARTHA enters wearing a robe and sucking Pedialyte through a straw.)

(Enter George, also wearing a robe, he has a massive headache.)

GEORGE

(Blurry eyed)

Where am I?

MARTHA

(Dizzy)

Please don’t talk.

GEORGE

My legs, they aren’t attached to my body.

MARTHA

The sound of your voice is killing my brain.

(Ding Dong. Door bell. They check their phones.)

GEORGE

Is’at?

MARTHA

(Off her phone)

It’s you.

GEORGE
(Off his phone)
It’s not me.

(Ding Dong.)

MARTHA
Wait. It’s the front door.

GEORGE
Wow, who comes to doors anymore?

(GEORGE crosses to the door.)

GEORGE
(Through the door)
Hello?

VOICE (OFF)
Grub-hub. Pizza!

GEORGE
(To Martha, Grossed out)
Did you order a pizza?

MARTHA
It’s nine o’clock in the morning.

GEORGE
(Yelling through the door)
It’s nine in the morning! Why would we order pizza?

VOICE (OFF)
Drake residence?

GEORGE
So?

VOICE (OFF)
George and Martha?

GEORGE
Yeah.

VOICE (OFF)
...Uber Food!

GEORGE

Oh for god sake.

(GEORGE opens the door to find BROOKLYN holding a pizza box.)

GEORGE

We didn’t order pizza!

BROOKLYN

(Vehement)

In that case, did you order this?

(BROOKLYN opens the pizza box and takes out a pepperoni covered handgun. MARTHA screams.)

(PEASE NOTE: The gun should be very fake. This is realism. Even squirt gun would work.)

GEORGE

Holy Crap!

BROOKLYN

(Fierce)

Hands up!

MARTHA

O.M.G.!

GEORGE

(Terrified, into his iPhone)

Siri, how do we get out of a hostage situation?

SIRI

“Okay, here’s what I found about hospitals for crustaceans.”

BROOKLYN

Put The Phones Down!

GEORGE

What do you want? Money?

BROOKLYN

I’m your worst nightmare! My name is Brooklyn Gray!

MARTHA
Brooklyn who?

BROOKLYN
Gray!

GEORGE
Is that supposed to mean something?

BROOKLYN
(Insistent)
Brooklyn Gray!

GEORGE
So?

BROOKLYN
The play!

MARTHA
What play?

BROOKLYN
Last night! My play, ‘Brain Freeze.’ You posted a review!

MARTHA
We did?

GEORGE
Ohhhh, he’s talking about the YouTube thingy.

MARTHA
(Dawning on her)
Ohhhh, we did.

(MARTHA checks her phone.)

MARTHA
(Thrilled)
O.M.G.! Sweetheart, we’ve had over a million views! We’ve gone viral!

BROOKLYN
And because of it my play closed.

MARTHA

And who are you?

BROOKLYN

I'm Brooklyn Gray!

GEORGE

You keep saying that as if it's supposed to mean something.

BROOKLYN

The playwright!

MARTHA

What playwright?

BROOKLYN

"You Suck Brooklyn Gray!"

MARTHA

(Slowly dawning on her)

Ohhhhhh, *that* playwright.

GEORGE

Hi. We're George and Martha Drake//

BROOKLYN

(Losing it)

I Know Who The Hell You Are!

(BROOKLYN points the gun. GEORGE and MARTHA cower.)

GEORGE

(trying to calm Brooklyn)

Okay, it seems that our little video triggered you.

BROOKLYN

Shut up! Sit down! Drop the phones!

MARTHA

But what do we do with our hands?

BROOKLYN

Drop'em!

(They put the phones down on the coffee table in front of them. During the following BROOKLYN takes out a half finished 5th of Jim Beam and sucks on it.)

BROOKLYN

I have something to say and you're going to listen! Is that clear? *(Barking)* Is That Clear?!

GEORGE

(Terrorized)

Yes.

BROOKLYN

I need a verbal conformation from both of you!

MARTHA

(Terrorized)

Yes.

BROOKLYN

The reason I'm here is to make a point! And that point is! Crap! I forgot my point! Wait. Got it. Take the university I teach at.

MARTHA

You're a college professor?

GEORGE

Of course he's a college professor, he's a playwright.

MARTHA

(scared, trying to be upbeat)

Teaching must be satisfying.

(Brooklyn goes into a drunken rant, as playwrights do.)

BROOKLYN

(Ranting)

No! It's crap! My department is now live-streaming our shows so the students don't have to attend. They're watching our crappy three-hour productions of 'Crucible' from their dorm rooms! I was directing this production of 'Waiting For Godot'. Got into an argument with this sophomore playing Estragon who said that while he was 'waiting' wouldn't his character check his e-mails!

(To GEORGE and MARTHA that seems logical.)

BROOKLYN

They made me teach Intro to Theatre! The students act as if I were teaching them a dead language... like English. All they want to talk about is the fact that I once wrote for ‘Two and a Half Men’!

GEORGE

(Impressed)

You wrote for ‘Two and a Half Men’?

MARTHA

(Impressed)

Really? Like which ones?

BROOKLYN

Well, there were several. Remember the one where Charlie Sheen babysits monkeys//? *(Losing it)* Shut up!!! It doesn’t matter! They’re all crap! What I wrote meant nothing! It changed nothing! It had no point! And that’s my point! *(Tired from his tirade)* How about that - That was almost a three minute monologue and you listened to the whole damn thing!

GEORGE

But the reason we listened is because you were holding a gun.

BROOKLYN

Are you telling me that if I wasn’t you wouldn’t have listened?

GEORGE

Probably not. Sweetheart?

MARTHA

The gun was the main reason I listened.

GEORGE

And even with the gun I kinda drifted off half way through.

BROOKLYN

What the hell! Okay okay, when I came in here I wasn’t sure what I was going to do. Now I do. Know what we are going to do?! We’re going to have a dinner party!

(He opens the pizza box and tosses pizza onto the coffee table in front of them.)

BROOKLYN

Start talking!

GEORGE

I don't understand.

BROOKLYN

Talk!

MARTHA

You mean, like, a conversation?

BROOKLYN

Yes! A cohesive dinner party conversation.

GEORGE

But conversations take work.

MARTHA

And we might get bored.

BROOKLYN
(Ranting)

You're already bored. Cause you're fed a constant diet of mediocre binge-watching bullshit and meaningless movie prequels! Growing up my middle class parents, do you know what they had on their coffee table? 'Arts and Architecture Magazine'! He was a manic-depressive postman, she a pill popping principal and they read 'Arts and Architecture Magazine'! Well, okay, I don't remember them actually reading it, but it was there! Who does that today? I'm sitting in the airport bar and CNN's reporting that Steven Spielberg is in Cannes. What am I supposed to do with this information?!

(MARTHA raises her hand, she has a question.)

BROOKLYN

Why the hell does anyone care what Steven Spielberg is doing? Of course he's in Cannes! Now if he just took a massive dump in the breezeway of the United Nations, that might be news!

(MARTHA's hand is still up.)

BROOKLYN
(Annoyed)
What?!

MARTHA
Question.

BROOKLYN
I know you got a question, you put your hand up, when people put their hand up that means they have a question! Ask!

MARTHA
Is this going to be another three minute monologue?

BROOKLYN
No!!! *(Pointing the gun)* Shut up and start talking!

GEORGE
But if we talk, like unedited, it means it's all out there.

MARTHA
And we don't know how many exclamation points or smiley faces the other's using.

BROOKLYN
(Tirade)
To hell with emojis! You are going to talk for a full ten minutes, six hundred uninterrupted seconds, no phones, no texting, no posting pictures of your food, and if you do that, I will think about not shooting you!

(GEORGE's phone bings.)

GEORGE
Is'at?

MARTHA
You.

(GEORGE goes for his phone.)

BROOKLYN
Touch it and I'll blow your knuckles off.

GEORGE
But it's a text.

BROOKLYN

Don’t answer.

GEORGE

But I have to.

BROOKLYN

Why?

GEORGE

Cause it’s a text.

BROOKLYN

Don’t answer! Why is that so hard to understand?

GEORGE

I didn’t know not answering was an option.

BROOKLYN

(Pointing the gun)

Talk!

MARTHA

You mean you want us to use a verbal-alphabet-based form of communication?

BROOKLYN

Yes!

GEORGE

What should we talk about?

BROOKLYN

Life! Politics! God!

GEORGE

For ten contiguous minutes?

BROOKLYN

Yes.

GEORGE

And if we do you’ll leave?

BROOKLYN

I’ll consider it.

GEORGE

We can do this sweetheart.

MARTHA

You first.

GEORGE

No you.

MARTHA

No you.

BROOKLYN

Shut up and talk!

GEORGE

Okay. Ah... Ah...

BROOKLYN

Go! Now!

GEORGE

(Fearful)

It, ah, looks like a nice day.

BROOKLYN

No! Say something substantive. Have a meaningful conversation.

GEORGE

How do we do that?

BROOKLYN

Talk about climate change.

GEORGE

Why?

BROOKLYN

Because we need to talk about it.

MARTHA

Do we?

BROOKLYN

Yes!

MARTHA

But there's nothing we can do.

BROOKLYN

Just say something important! Like you're in a play! Now!

(BROOKLYN points the gun at him.)

GEORGE

(Terrified)

Ah...

BROOKLYN

Talk!

GEORGE

Ah.... My uncle died.

(BROOKLYN points the gun at her.)

BROOKLYN

Your turn.

MARTHA

(Terrified)

I... ah... Because of climate change?

(BROOKLYN points the gun at him.)

BROOKLYN

Now you.

GEORGE

Yes.

BROOKLYN

(To Martha)

Now you!

MARTHA

I'm so sorry.

BROOKLYN

(To George)

Now you.

GEORGE

I... I miss him.

BROOKLYN

You.

MARTHA

Me too.

(They've run out of things to say.)

BROOKLYN

More!

GEORGE

I sent flowers.

MARTHA

That's nice.

GEORGE

Yes, it was.

(Beat.)

BROOKLYN

Don't stop!

GEORGE
(Desperate, tears)
Do you remember the time he took us to the lake?

MARTHA
(Weeping)
I do.

GEORGE
What did you think about that?

MARTHA

It was a pretty lake.

(Again the conversation dies.)

BROOKLYN

More!

GEORGE
(Weeping)
Do you want to talk about the lake some more?

MARTHA
(Weeping)
Yes, I like to talk about lakes in general.

GEORGE
Did you know that Lake Superior in Michigan is the largest fresh water lake in the world?

MARTHA
Did not know. Where did you read that?

GEORGE
I read it on//.

(BROOKLYN points the gun at GEORGE's crotch.)

BROOKLYN
Say "Wikipedia" and I'll blow your nuts off.

GEORGE
(Crying)
In a... a... book?

BROOKLYN
Okay, stop! Your dialogue sounds like it was written by Annie Baker. Do better! Go!

GEORGE
Ah... Ah...

BROOKLYN
Now!

GEORGE
I have webbed toes. But only on my right foot.

MARTHA
Do you swim in circles?

BROOKLYN
No! Reveal something about your very soul!

GEORGE
Ah...

BROOKLYN
Ten seconds.

GEORGE
Ah...

BROOKLYN
Five, four, three, two.

GEORGE
(Blurting out)
I have a fear of commitment!

MARTHA
...What?

GEORGE
That’s why I don’t want children.

MARTHA
You never told me this.

GEORGE
Every time you talk about children I get this sinking feeling cause it means real commitment and I’m not sure I’m ready.

MARTHA
But you married me.

GEORGE
Yes, but I was high on cough syrup.

MARTHA
What?

GEORGE
Remember when I was late for the ceremony, I said I was playing Pokémon Shuffle - I wasn’t, in fact I was having a bad trip.

MARTHA
What are you saying, that I forced you to marry me?

GEORGE

No, but I could've used a little more time.

MARTHA

You lied to me!

BROOKLYN

Much better//

MARTHA

(To Brooklyn, pissed)

Shut up, we're trying to have a conversation! *(To George)* Why didn't you say this before?

GEORGE

You were rather insistent.

MARTHA

Might I remind you that *you* asked *me* to marry you!

GEORGE

Yes, but you gave me no choice.

MARTHA

What are you saying? That I denied you free will?

GEORGE

Why do you do this? Why can't we just talk without you getting all pissy!

MARTHA

You bastard! I want a divorce!

GEORGE

Fine with me!

MARTHA

Fine with me too!

GEORGE

G.T.F.O.!

MARTHA

No you G.T.F.O.!

(GEORGE and MARTHA pout. Beat.)

BROOKLYN
(Looking at his watch)
That was only four minutes. You have to talk for six more.

MARTHA
Got nothing to say!

GEORGE
Me either.

BROOKLYN
You got no choice, you have to talk for another six minutes or die. Now! Go!

(BROOKLYN points the gun. GEORGE cowers.)

GEORGE
Ah... Ah... I... I like going to the lake//

BROOKLYN
No! About your divorce!

GEORGE
What else is there to say?!

BROOKLYN
Talk! Now!

(He's about to pull the trigger when...)

(Ding Dong.)

VOICE (O.S.)
Grub-hub! Pizza!

BROOKLYN
What the hell? Did you *really* order pizza?

MARTHA
(Weeping, pissed)
It's nine o'clock in the morning why the hell would we order pizza?!

(BROOKLYN crosses to the door.)

BROOKLYN
(Through the door)
No one here ordered pizza.

VOICE (OFF)
Drake residence?

BROOKLYN (V.O.)
(Through the door)
So?

VOICE (OFF)
George and Martha?

BROOKLYN
(Through the door)
Yeah.

(Beat.)

VOICE (OFF)
...Grub-hub!

(BROOKLYN opens the door.)

BROOKLYN
I tell you they didn't order//

(JOJO bursts in with a handgun and points it at BROOKLYN.)

JOJO
Freeze!

BROOKLYN
Freeze!

JOJO
Put the gun down or I'll shoot!

BROOKLYN
Not before I shoot them.

(A stand off.)

MARTHA
(Tears)
What do you want?

JOJO
I've come to stop this bullcrap! Martha, George, you're right, theatre's dead!

GEORGE
(Terrified)
You mean like spoken theatre?

JOJO
Yes, spoken theatre, boring theatre, it be dead! This play has been hacked! Cover me.

(JOJO throws guns to MARTHA and GEORGE. They point the guns at her.)

JOJO
Not me! Him!

(They point the guns at BROOKLYN. It's a four-way stand off.)

BROOKLYN
What the hell are you doing?!

JOJO
It really triggered me when you made those disparaging remarks about 'Cats'.

BROOKLYN
What?

JOJO
It just wasn't fair. Everyone likes musical theatre - Right?

(She points the gun at GEORGE and MARTHA.)

GEORGE & MARTHA
Right.

JOJO
So we're going to stop the play so I can call my therapist.

MARTHA
(Desperate)
That's a great idea, it would give me time to call my anxiety coach.

GEORGE
(Distraught)
And I could take my Zoloft-Prozac cocktail.

JOJO
And so could the audience. So we're going to take an intermission!

BROOKLYN
But this play doesn't have an intermission!

JOJO
And when we get back this play's going to be a musical! Know why?

MARTHA
(Still weeping)
Cause musical theatre people care?

JOJO
That's right. *(To audience)* We will now take a five minute intermission!

BROOKLYN
I'm telling you, dammit, there's no intermission in this play!

JOJO
You're right! Intermissions are dead! *(To audience)* Tonight we're gonna introduce you to the replacement for intermissions! For the next few minutes. Turn on your phones! Check your messages! Make a bathroom run! Call your therapist! Take your Zoloft-Prozac cocktail. Ladies and gentleman, we will now take a Twitter Break!

(Twitter Break - Jojo might have to ad-lib with the audience to make them understand this is for real. She urges them to check their phones and take their medications.)

5 Min INTERMISSION

(The actors fall out of character and check their messages, call their therapists, visit with the audience, ad-lib conversations, take pills and offer the audience Cheetos.)

(Perhaps the theme from the game show 'Jeopardy' plays, then turns into a wild rock and roll version.)

(Please note: If the audience leaves the theatre, they must re-enter through metal detectors.)

(A few minutes later, end of Twitter Break. *Candyland lights up. A piano tinkles.*)

MR. ROGERS
(To audience)
Welcome back, boys and girls. The director of the play wants you to know that 'Mr. Rogers, American Terminator' has its own Facebook page. Tonight after the show, he/she invites you to upload your own original hateful, abusive drunken reviews, just as George and Martha did at the beginning. But if you do so, be sure to obey Facebook's terms of service agreement which I'm sure you've all read.

(Please note: wouldn't it be great to play these abusive YouTube reviews in the lobby after the show?)

MR. ROGERS
(To audience)
Some of you might've felt a little anxiety during the first part of this play. It is filled with guns, alcoholics, a neurotic playwright and musical theatre major. And to be honest even Mr. Rogers is beginning to get a little gloomy. Does anyone know how to cheer Mr. Rogers up?

(The piano tinkles.)

MR. ROGERS
Oh. Did you hear that? That means Mr. Rogers got a twitter. Would you like me to read it?

(He prompts the audience to answer. No matter how the audience reacts he says...)

MR. ROGERS

My pleasure. Just let me take out Mr. Smart Phone.

(Mr. ROGERS fumbles with his smart phone and reads.)

MR. ROGERS

Mr. Rogers is not sure how this works.

(MARTHA comes out and helps him.)

MR. ROGERS

Thank you. It feels good to help other people doesn't it?

MARTHA

(Noncommittal)

Whatever.

MR. ROGERS

(To audience)

Oh look, someone in the audience twittered. It reads, "How the heck are you getting away with this? Isn't Mr. Rogers copyrighted material?" *(To audience)* Sure is, but the United States Supreme Court ruled in Hustler Magazine vs. Jerry Falwell that the First and Fourteenth Amendments protect anyone from recovering damages for emotional distress caused by caricature, parody, or satire. Can we all say 'Thank you, Hustler Magazine?' Thank you...

(He prompts the audience.)

MR. ROGERS & AUDIENCE

Hustler Magazine.

(A piano tinkles.)

MR. ROGERS

Oh, it's another twitter from an audience member. *(Reading from his phone)*. This one's from Happy-Patti, it reads *(Reading)* "I know how to cheer Mr. Rogers up. How bout if the musical theatre major sings." Why that's a wonderful idea! Musicals are fun and toe-tapping. Do you know how to tap your toes? I'm sure you do. *(To Jojo)* Miss actress playing Jojo, can you really sing?

JOJO

Like duh.

MR. ROGERS

Would you be so kind as to sing us a happy musical theatre song?

JOJO

Sure.

(She centers herself.)

MR. ROGERS

What are you doing?

JOJO

I’m centering myself. I’m a method actor.

MR. ROGERS

What does that mean?

BROOKLYN
(From the side)

It means it takes her two rehearsals to do what other actors do in one.

(JOJO flips off BROOKLYN. He flips her off back.)

MR. ROGERS

Wait, I think I heard about method acting. Wasn’t that taught by someone named... Stanislavsky.

JOJO
(Centering herself)

Bingo.

(JOJo centers herself, whatever the hell that is.)

MR. ROGERS
(To audience)

Stanislavsky was an acting coach who used various techniques designed to allow actors to create believable characters. Something this play doesn’t have.

JOJO

Ready.

(JOJO centers herself. A piano flair, if needed an actor hands JoJo a mic.)

MR. ROGERS

(To audience)

OK everyone, Let's put on our listening ears.

JOJO

(To audience)

I'd like to sing a song about what it's like to be an actress in the modern world.

MR. ROGERS

(To audience)

That sounds like fun. It must be wonderful to be an actress. This'll cheer us up.

(Please Note: Sheet music is attached at the end of the script, but recorded piano music is also available from the author.)

(Piano tinkles, it's a pretty song.)

JOJO

(Sweetly singing)

I WAS REHEARSING BYE BYE BIRDIE
WHEN THE DIRECTOR SAID KISS THIS GUY
MAKE IT REAL, HE SAID, MAKE IT SLURPEE
TO KEEP MY JOB I HAD TO COMPLY
THE ACTOR WAS SHAPED LIKE A TURKEY
WITH SKIN LIKE PROCESSED CHEESE
HIS PITS SMELLED OF BEEF JERKY
BUT METHOD ACTING TAUGHT ME TO PLEASE
SO I PUCKERED MY LIPS
AND I CLOSED MY EYES
AND GUESS WHAT I GOT
TO MY SURPRISE

(The song goes loud and angry.)

(MARTHA joins JOJO.)

JOJO AND MARTHA

STANISLAVSKY GAVE ME HERPES
AND A CASE OF TOOTH DECAY
STANISLAVSKY GAVE ME HERPES
BUT IT LOOKS GOOD ON MY RESUME
GET ME OFF THIS CASTING COUCH
I DON'T WANT NO CONTROVERSIES
AN ACTRESS IS NOT A PROP
BUT STANISLAVSKY GAVE ME HERPES
STANISLAVSKY GAVE ME HERPES!
I GOT HERPES IN MY MOUTH!
I GOT HERPES IN MY BUTT!
I GOT HERPES IN MY VAG
BUT BABY YOU DON'T GIVE A FUCK!
I GOT HERPES!
FROM STANISLAVSKY!
STANISLAVSKY GAVE ME HERPES!

JOJO
(*Pissed off*)

Screw you Harvey Weinstein!

MARTHA

And you too Bill Cosby!

JOJO

And Bill O'Reilly!

MARTHA

And Bill Clinton!

JOJO

What Do We Want!

JOJO & MARTHA

Justice!

MARTHA

When Do We Want It?!

JOJO & MARTHA

Now!

JOJO

What Do We Want?

JOJO & MARTHA

Equality!

MARTHA

When Do We Want It?!

JOJO & MARTHA

Now!

(JOJO AND MARTHA chest bump and high five.)

MR. ROGERS
(Attempting to be upbeat)
Wasn't that fun and toe-tapping, but Mr. Rogers was looking for something irrelevant like 'Cats.'

(A piano tinkles.)

MR. ROGERS

Oh, we have another tweeter-er. *(Looking at his phone)* This one is from Ms. PhD-lit-crit. She writes,*(Reading)* "What the hell's going on? What happened to the hostage drama play? Story unclear." You know Dr. Lit-crit, it's okay to feel confused. But instead of writing confusing critique that no one will read, when you feel confused, just ask for help. Is there anyone who can help Dr. Lit-crit?

(GEORGE & BROOKLYN step forward. BROOKLYN is carrying an easel with several large sheets of poster board bearing Venn Circles.)

GEORGE

We'd be happy to mansplain.

(BROOKLYN sets up the easel. JOJO acts as a 'Wheel of Fortune' Vanna White model turning the cards.)

MR. ROGERS
(Off Venn Circles)
Oh, what are these?

BROOKLYN

These are Venn circles.

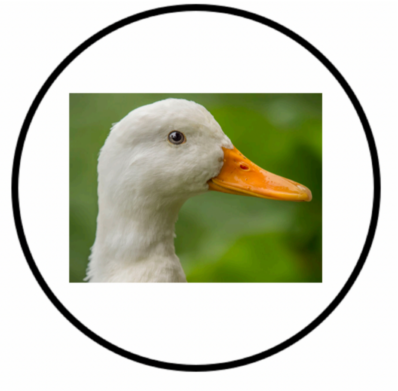
MR. ROGERS

Venn Circles, how do they work?

BROOKLYN

We'll show you.

(JOJO turns to the first large card. It has Venn circle with a picture of a duck.)



BROOKLYN

In this circle we have...

MR. ROGERS

A duck.

BROOKLYN

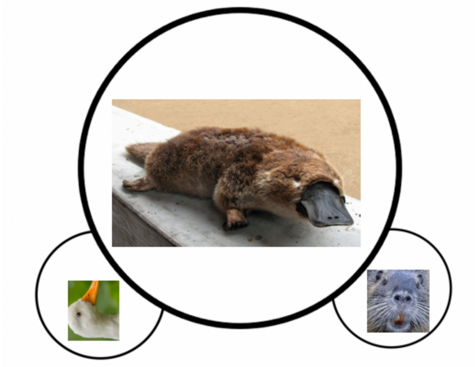
And in this one...

(JOJO flips to the next card which has a beaver.)

MR. ROGERS
A Beaver.

BROOKLYN
Overlap them and you get...

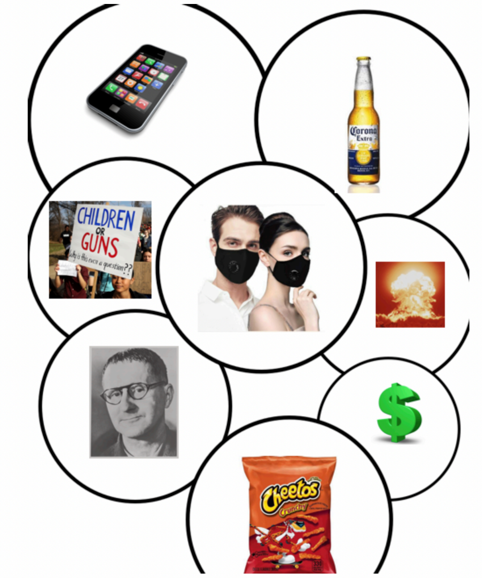
(JOJO flips to Venn circles with a grinning platypus.)



MR. ROGERS
Platypus! Oh, I get it. And you call these Venn Circles? *(To audience)* Isn't that interesting.

BROOKLYN
We'll now use these circles to mansplain the play.

(JOJO flips to confusing Venn circles containing booze, Cheetos, Bertolt Brecht and more.)



BROOKLYN

We started in George and Martha’s apartment, represented by this circle here.

(JOJO points at a Venn Circle with a bottle of booze.)

GEORGE

Then there was the Brooklyn and Jojo one night stand scene.

(JOJO points at a Venn Circle with a bag of Cheetos.)

BROOKLYN

But that was interrupted by the person from the audience.

(JOJO points at a Venn Circle with a picture of a smart phone.)

BROOKLYN

Which caused Brechtian alienation.

(JOJO points at a Venn Circle with a picture of Bertolt Brecht.)

GEORGE

The result was...

(JOJO point at the pictures of atom bombs and people wearing n95 masks.)

BROOKLYN

Modern life.

MR. ROGERS

(To audience)

Boys and girls, isn't that interesting?

BROOKLYN

(Mansplaining to audience)

You see, modern life decreases our ability to synthesize existence.

GEORGE

(Mansplaining to audience)

So we can't find any coherent narrative thread.

BROOKLYN

There's no plot to life.

GEORGE

So why should the theatre make use of plot?

BROOKLYN

So this play became nothing more than unrelated moments.

GEORGE

Ransom messiness.

BROOKLYN

Which resulted in a violent hostage standoff.

GEORGE

Narcissism.

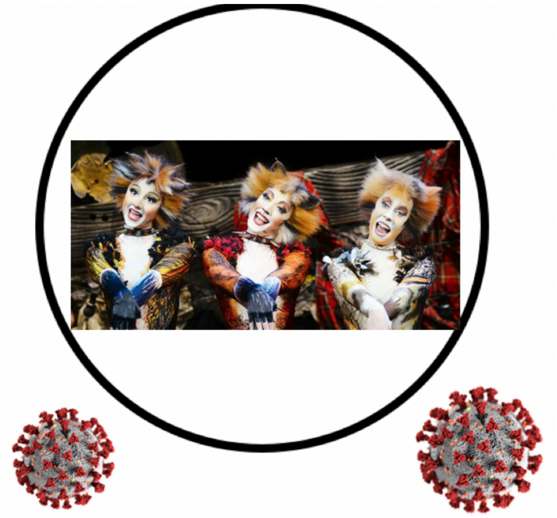
BROOKLYN

Chronic anxiety.

GEORGE

Which gave birth too...

(JOJO flips to page and Venn with a picture of the musical 'Cats.')



BROOKLYN

Musical theatre.

MR. ROGERS

Thank you for mansplaining.

BROOKLYN & GEORGE
(Proud of their accomplishment)

You're welcome.

MR. ROGERS

But Mr. Rogers is more confused than before.

(A piano tinkles.)

MR. ROGERS
(Checking his phone)

Oh, I do hope this is something that will make Mr. Rogers feel happy. It's from Gabrielle who writes, "I would like to see Brooklyn Gray's play 'Brain Freeze.' That's a wonderful idea. *(To audience)* Would you like to see the actors do a little reading from Mr. Gray's play?

(He prompts the audience to answer. No matter how the audience reacts, he says...)

MR. ROGERS
(Upbeat)

I knew you would. Actors, would you be so kind?

(The actors ad-lib their approval.)

MR. ROGERS

I assume from the title it is a play about ice cream. I like ice cream, do you?

(The actors grab stools, scripts and music stands to set the stage for a play reading.)

MR. ROGERS

(To audience)

Oh this is so exciting. I've never been to a reading of a play before. Look, there's the playwright. Mr. Playwright, would you be so kind as to speak with us?

(BROOKLYN joins Mr. ROGERS.)

BROOKLYN

Sure.

MR. ROGERS

So you wrote this play.

BROOKLYN

Yeah.

MR. ROGERS

What's it about?

BROOKLYN

It's about a woman who brings home her lover to meet her parents in the year 2055.

MR. ROGERS

Is it hard to write a play?

BROOKLYN

No, it's easy, you just sit and stare at the empty page until your sciatica becomes so painful you need a triple spinal fusion.

MR. ROGERS

I had no idea so much was involved.

MARTHA

Problem, we don't have anyone to read the stage directions.

BROOKLYN

Mr. Rogers?

MR. ROGERS

I’d be happy to help. *(To audience)* It’s always nice to help people. It makes you feel warm inside.

(MR. ROGERS and the actors take their places for the reading.)

(Lights up on the reading.)

JOJO

Hi, my name is Jojo and I’ll be reading the role of Millie.

GEORGE

My name is George and I’ll be reading Rob.

MARTHA

I’m Martha and I’ll be reading Laura.

BROOKLYN

Brooklyn and I’ll be reading Jerry.

MR. ROGERS

And my name is Mr. Rogers and I’ll be reading the stage directions.

(During the following Mr. ROGERS reads the stage directions as if it were a children’s book.)

MR. ROGERS

(Upbeat, reading stage directions)

‘Brain Freeze’ by Brooklyn Gray. Place: A burnt out wreckage that was once a living room. The table is set for a dinner party. Time: The not so distant future. Laura enters, wearing a scorched apron. Her hair is falling out.”

LAURA

(Reading Sing-song)

“Sweetheart, it’s nearly eight.”

MR. ROGERS

“Robert, her husband enters. He’s a Fukushima nuclear disaster victim. He puts on an acid burned tie.

LAURA
“You’re not wearing *that* tie.”

ROBERT
“What’s wrong with it?”

LAURA
“It’s our first meet-and-greet and I want to impress.”

ROBERT
“Has she said anything about him?”

LAURA
“Only that he’s a nice man, a bit neurotic and gluten intolerant. Change your tie.”

ROBERT
“I just hope they can make it through the dead zone.”

LAURA
“Last year she found her way through the radiation pool, she can handle a little dead zone.”

MR. ROGERS
“Ding Dong. Door bell.”

LAURA
“That’s her. Change the tie.”

MR. ROGERS
“Robert exits taking off his tie.”

LAURA
(Sing-song)
“Coming.”

MR. ROGERS
“She opens the door to find Millie, her daughter who suffers from facial tumor syndrome.”

MILLIE
“Hi Mom!”

LAURA
“Millie! Sweetheart. Before I let you in, have you been vaccinated?”

MILLIE
“Oh, funny one, Mom, you know vaccinations don’t work anymore.”

(They laugh at Millie’s joke.)

MILLIE
“I’ve got great news - Jerry proposed. Isn’t that wonderful?”

LAURA
“I don’t know, I haven’t met him yet.”

MILLIE
“There’s more. We got married.”

LAURA
(Dumbfounded)
“You what?”

MILLIE
“An hour ago.”

LAURA
“Where?”

MILLIE
“We found a priest who was giving last rites to some radiation victims in a cooling center and asked if he could spare a minute. Mama, you’re going to love Jerry// Oh, here he comes.”

MR. ROGERS
(Becoming depressed)
“Jerry enters, he suffers from a skin infection caused by uranium poisoning. He carries two suitcases that are still smoldering from a terrorist attack.”

MILLIE
“Mom, meet my Jerry.”

LAURA
“A pleasure// Oh dear, what happened to your luggage?”

MILLIE
(Matter-of-factly)
“We were attacked by genetically modified mutants but the Uber driver fought’em off.”

JERRY

“Nice to meet you.”

LAURA

“Come in. Gluten-free cracker?”

MILLIE

“Mom, I thought I warned you, Jerry’s allergic to gluten-free.”

LAURA

“Allergic to gluten-free?”

MILLIE

“Everything he eats must contain gluten or his brain swells and his rectum pops.”

LAURA

Then how about some wine?

MILLIE

The high levels of mercury in wine makes his tongue bleed and his breath smell like asparagus.

LAURA

Beer?

MILLIE

“Asbestos and sulfur dioxide causes him to have unhealthy levels of urine retention, convulsions and cognitive cracking issues.”

LAURA

So... How did you meet?”

JERRY

“We bumped into each other at the heat suit exchange store.”

MILLIE

“My Anti-Thermal Radiation fan had failed.”

JERRY

“And I was looking for a new pair of bullet and flameproof Close Proximity Coveralls.”

MILLIE
“He looked at me with those infected, bloodshot puppy dog eyes, and it was lust at first sight.”

MR. ROGERS
“Robert enters putting on a different burned tie.”

MILLIE
“Daddy! Meet Jerry... *my husband*.”

ROBERT
(Pissed off)
“Your what?”

MILLIE
“You heard me.”

ROBERT
(Pissed, to Jerry)
“Let’s just cut to the chase. Is my daughter pregnant?”

MILLIE
“Daddy, I’m not pregnant. Jerry and I can’t have children.”

LAURA
“Sorry to hear that.”

MILLIE
“It’s not what you think. Jerry’s allergic to stem cells.”

MR. ROGERS
“The living room is shaken by a deep rumble.”

LAURA
“Hold on, it’s just a frack-quake.”

(The actors all shake.)

MR. ROGERS
(Getting depressed)
“The rumbling subsides.”

ROBERT
(Disdainful)
“So, Jerry, what do you do for a living?”

JERRY

“I’m a climatologist.”

ROBERT

“A what?”

MILLIE

“He studies climate change, Daddy.”

JERRY

“Carbon dioxide levels have reached heights not seen for three million years.”

LAURA

“Well, that’s kinda depressing. Let’s talk about something positive. *(Upbeat)* So you made it through the dead zone.”

MILLIE

“And two coordinated suicide bomber attacks.”

JERRY

“We’re facing the greatest mass extinction since the dinosaurs.”

LAURA

“Micro-plastic-pellet-free cucumber sandwich?”

(During the following Mr. ROGERS becomes more and more depressed. He puts his head on the music stand.)

JERRY

“We are living in the last-best days of the earth. Soon biological metamorphosis will radically transform the plane.

LAURA

“Tell you what, let’s all have ice cream!”

MILLIE

“I love ice cream!”

(Mr. ROGERS stops the

reading.)

MR. ROGERS

(To audience)

So, boys and girls, how do we deal with modern reality? Suggestions? Anyone?

(MR. ROGERS prompts the audience for answers. He ad-libs with the audience for a while about modern life. Then...)

(The actors reenter with their guns.)

BROOKLYN

Mr. Rogers if you don’t mind we need to finish the hostage drama play.

MR. ROGERS

I’m not so sure we should. How does it end?

JOJO

Oh. I shoot Brooklyn, but I only wing him.

MR. ROGERS
So it ends in a mass shooting - What does that prove?

GEORGE
(Upbeat)
That life is filled with utter stupidity!

BROOKLYN
(Upbeat)
Violence!

JOJO
(Upbeat)
Chronic boredom!

MARTHA
(Upbeat)
Diehard bigots!

GEORGE
And fatal anxieties!

BROOKLYN
But more, conversation is meaningless babble!

BROOKLYN
So there’s nothing to do but sit back and watch the world implode!

BROOKLYN, JOJO, MARTHA & GEORGE
(pandemonium)
There is no future because it’s all tragically absurd!

(The BROOKLYN, JOJO, MARTHA, and GEORGE high-five each other, shout, and ad-lib, “We Nailed it!” “Right on!” Way to Go! It grows into a wild MEGA Rally/January 6th-like riot as they dance with their guns!)

BROOKLYN, JOJO, MARTHA & GEORGE
(Shouting, waving their guns)
USA! USA! USA! USA! USA!

JOJO
(Yelling over everyone)
Black out!

(Black out on the cast. Mr. ROGERS turns into a pool of light and addresses the audience. The whole tone of the play changes.)

MR. ROGERS

(To audience)

People, saying that it’s all absurd and meaningless doesn’t help. Yes, I admit it; the cast is correct; the world today is a gerrymandered mess. We must deal with random mass shootings, bizarre politics, monthly wars, and a debt-driven economy that could head south at any moment. But just because we’re feeling anxiety about the world, that’s no excuse for us to behave badly. When things get tough, the tough… lend a hand to their neighbors. The tough reach out and love people unlike themselves. The tough care for the most vulnerable in our community. It’s not too late. The children are not a lost cause. The earth, although wounded, is still our home and worth saving. How do we save it? Well, we can start by turning in our AK-47s. When we meet people unlike ourselves, we can listen to them rather than lecture them. We can think before we buy that gas-guzzling F-150 and SUVs. But most of all, we need to confront our hate and replace it with a little bit of love. In short, what Mr. Rogers is trying to say is it’s time to pull our heads out of our asses. Can you say that? It’s time to…

MR. ROGERS & AUDIENCE

Pull our heads out of our asses!

MR. ROGERS

Very good. Now if you don’t mind, Mr. Rogers is going to go now, but if you listen and think and love yourself and your neighbor, I will always be with you in spirit.

(Mr. ROGERS walks out through the audience and leaves the theatre.)

(Light back up on the cast, they are dumfounded.)

MARTHA

(Amazed)

Wow.

GEORGE

(Equally amazed)

I know, Mr. Rogers walked out on us.

MARTHA

No, the audience just sat through a three minute speech! Give yourself a round of applause!

(The cast cheers and high-fives. Perhaps they even high-five the audience.)

BROOKLYN

Wait wait wait. We have a real problem here, we've lost our narrator. could you get Mr. Rogers back in here.

How do we make it through life without a narrator?

(MAN/WOMAN from the audience steps up again.)

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

I'll do it. *(To audience)* Hello, everyone.

BROOKLYN

Oh god, not you again.

PERSON FROM THE AUDIENCE

(To audience)

Hi, I'm the VP of product development at Google. You've all heard of Google Maps, Google Translate and all the other fine Google products?

BROOKLYN

(ad-libbing)

UGH!!!!!! Of course.

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

Well, tonight, straight from the Googleplex in Mountain View, California I introduce... Google Theatre!

BROOKLYN

Google's into theatre?

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

At Google we're dedicated to progress, people and new play development. Haven't you ever said to yourself we need a new kinda of theatre, a theatre that appeals to anxiety filled, multitasking TicTok addicts who demand instant gratification.

(MORE)

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

A theatre that allows you to kinda pay attention while gaming or texting. So tonight Google introduces **A.D.D. Theatre!**

BROOKLYN

A.D.D.?

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

Attention Deficit Drama! Theatre that gives the audience exactly what they want, not a bunch of crap some alcoholic playwright labored for months to write in a Starbucks.

BROOKLYN

But who at Google writes the play?

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

No one. It's all written by A.I.!

BROOKLYN

But how does A.I. know what this particular audience wants?

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

Those weren't metal detectors you walked through when you entered! They were Google Scantron-Five-Thousands. They scanned your phones, credit cards and D.N.A. A.I. now knows who your friends are, your politics, and your credit rating. So tonight using this mined-data, algorithms and a little rewrite from ChatGPT we'll give you an ending designed especially for you.

BROOKLYN

But wait you're not allowed to use our likeness.

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

Your contract states that we can use your voices and likenesses in all technologies and processes now known or hereafter developed throughout the universe and in perpetuity. You have no choice!

(The actors give up and take their places for the final scene.)

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

Terms of service agreement.

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

So now everyone... Do you Agree with the Service Agreement?

(The Person from the audience prompts the audience to agree.)

PERSON FROM AUDIENCE

Ladies and Gentlemen we now present the Google approved A.I. ending. Time: Today. Setting: Outside a revival movie house showing Mel Brook's The Producers.'

(The lights and music go all romantic. BROOKLYN steps into a rosy pool of light.)

BROOKLYN

(To audience)

Interestingly, I did run into Jojo again. When we met, she was, of all things, coming out of Mel Brooke's 'The Producers.' Which I counted as a personal triumph.

(JOJO enters with GEORGE and MARTHA, they're on a tri-date.)

JOJO

(Happy to see him)

Brooklyn!

BROOKLYN

Jojo.

JOJO

What a surprise.

BROOKLYN

Who are they?

JOJO

Oh, these are my new lovers, George and Martha. We met on Tinder-Three-Way. George, Martha, this is Brooklyn, my old mono-lover.

MARTHA

(*Panicked*)

O.M.G. You're the playwright who held us at gun point!

GEORGE

(*Panicked, into phone*)

Siri, what should I do when I bump into a crazed playwright who held me hostage?

SIRI FROM PHONE

"Okay here's what I found for what should I do when I bump into a white knight and expel a sausage."

BROOKLYN

Please don't be afraid. I'm back online.

JOJO

(*Impressed*)

What?

BROOKLYN

I downloaded a new mental health app specifically designed to help depressive playwrights maintain emotional regularity.

JOJO

You're re-connected?

BROOKLYN

I even sold my typewriter.

JOJO

Wow!

BROOKLYN

There's no need for playwrights anymore. A.I. can write much better plays in seconds without all that alcoholism and sadness or wasting tax dollars on the National Endowment for the Arts. In fact, there's no need for the theatre.

JOJO

Except musicals like 'Cats?'

BROOKLYN

Except 'Cats!'

JOJO

That's so lit.

BROOKLYN

Why don't you dump these losers and you and I go to dinner and celebrate the death of this outmoded technology called theatre.

JOJO

And take pictures of our food?

BROOKLYN

And text and tweet and never acknowledge the other's existence.

JOJO

Love to! George, Martha, get lost.

(Insulted, GEORGE and MARTHA exit.)

(JOJO and BROOKLYN alone in a pool of light. It's a totally fake Hallmark ending with Rom-com like background music.)

BROOKLYN

(Dramatic Rom-com-ish)

I guess it's all worked out. Your dog has been saved, your mother is out of the hospital and the town voted to celebrate Christmas again.

JOJO

(Dramatic Rom-com-ish)

I take it you're not going to waste you time writing plays anymore.

BROOKLYN

No, I’m staying right here and counting my blessings.

JOJO

And we have so many blessings to count.

JOJO

I love you Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN

I love you Jojo.

(They hug. But they don’t kiss; instead, while in each other’s arms, behind the other’s back, JOJO and BROOKLYN check their messages on their smartphones.)

(MR. ROGERS runs out, and the whole cast sings.)

CAST

Its a Beautiful Day in the Neighborhood
A Beautiful Day in the Neighborhood
Wont you be my, Wont you be my............

MR. ROGERS

WON'T YOU PLEASE,
WON'T YOU PLEASE,
PLEASE WON'T YOU BE
MY NEIGHBOR.

MR. ROGERS

Sing with me.

MR. ROGERS, CAST & AUDIENCE

WON'T YOU PLEASE,
WON'T YOU PLEASE,
PLEASE WON'T YOU BE
MY NEIGHBOR.

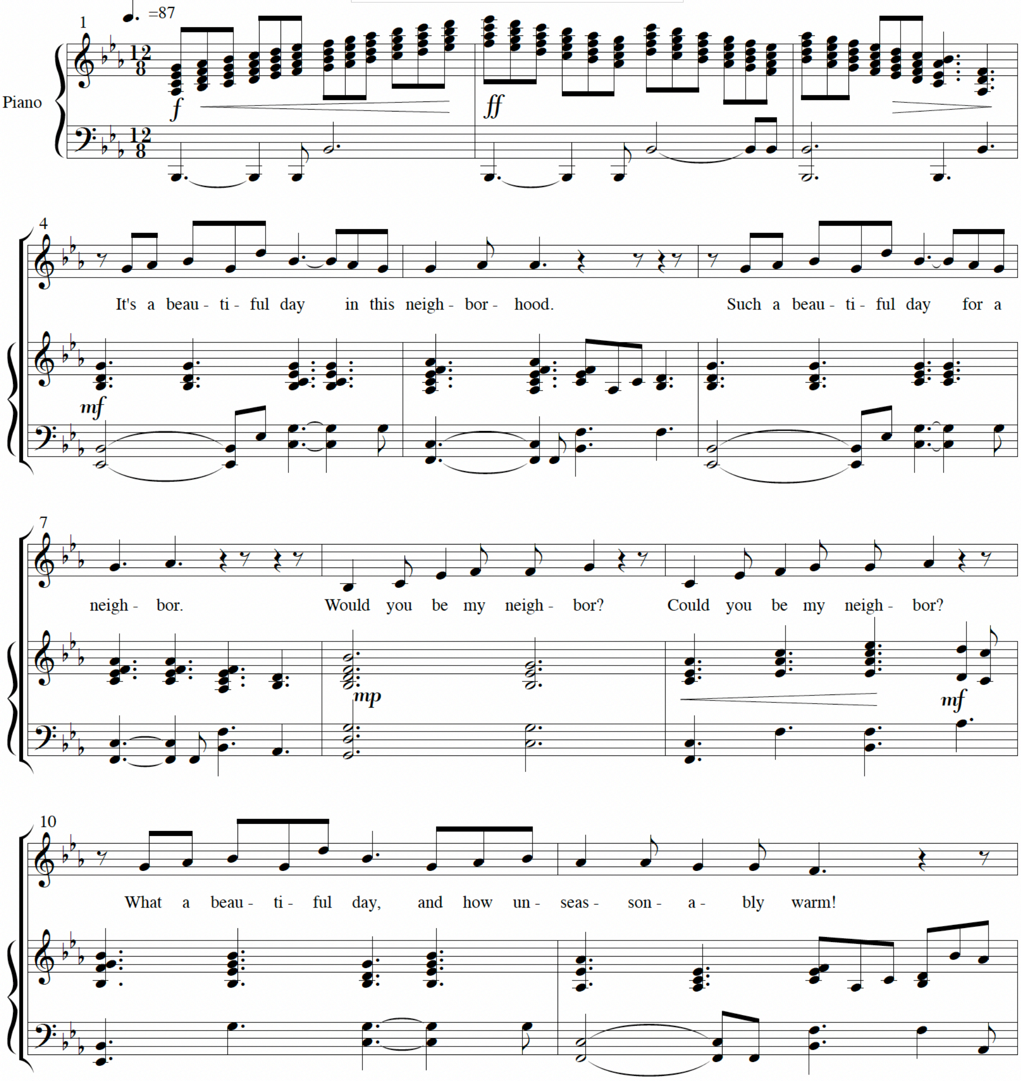
MR. ROGERS

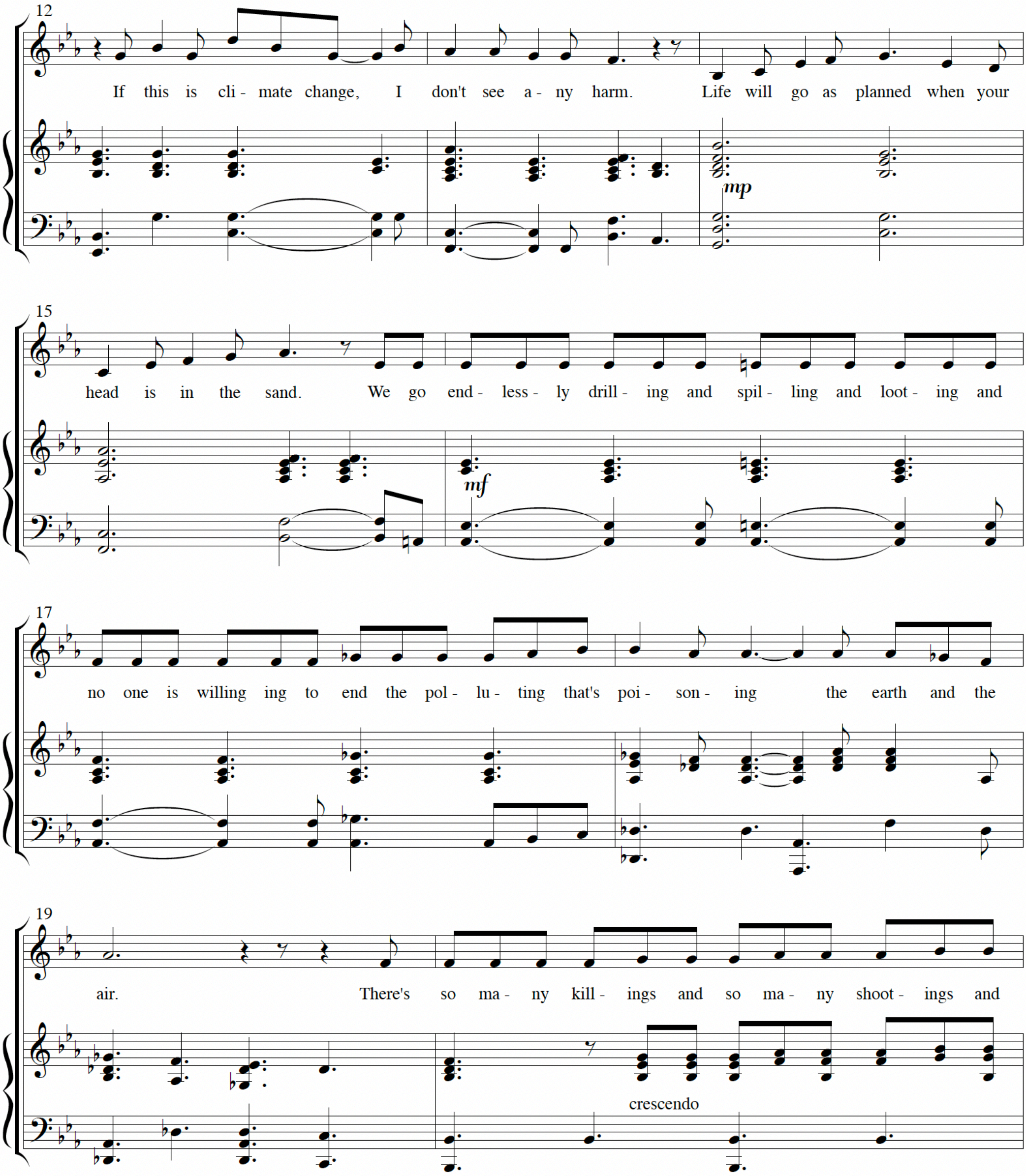
Goodnight, Neighbor.

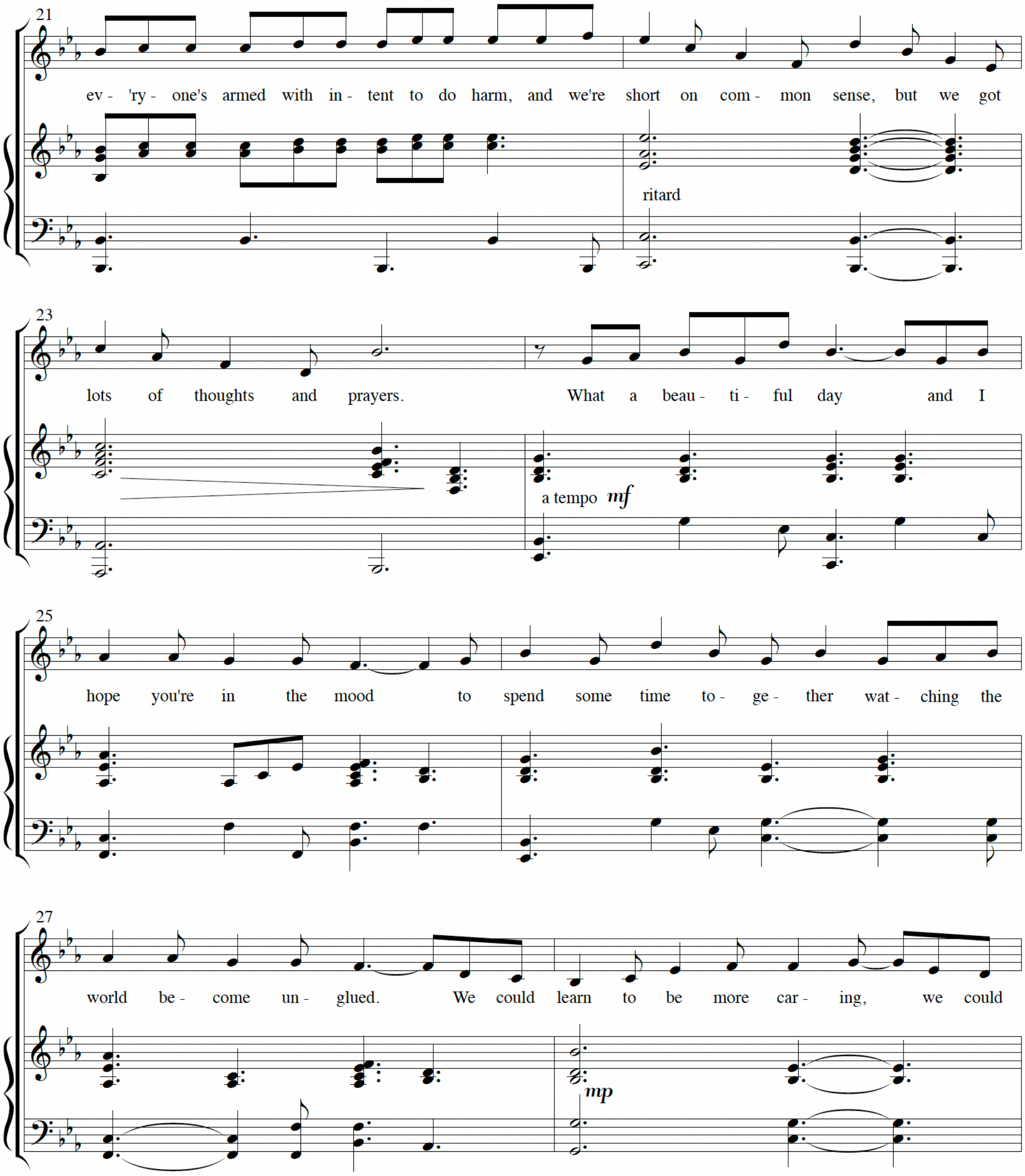
That's All Folks

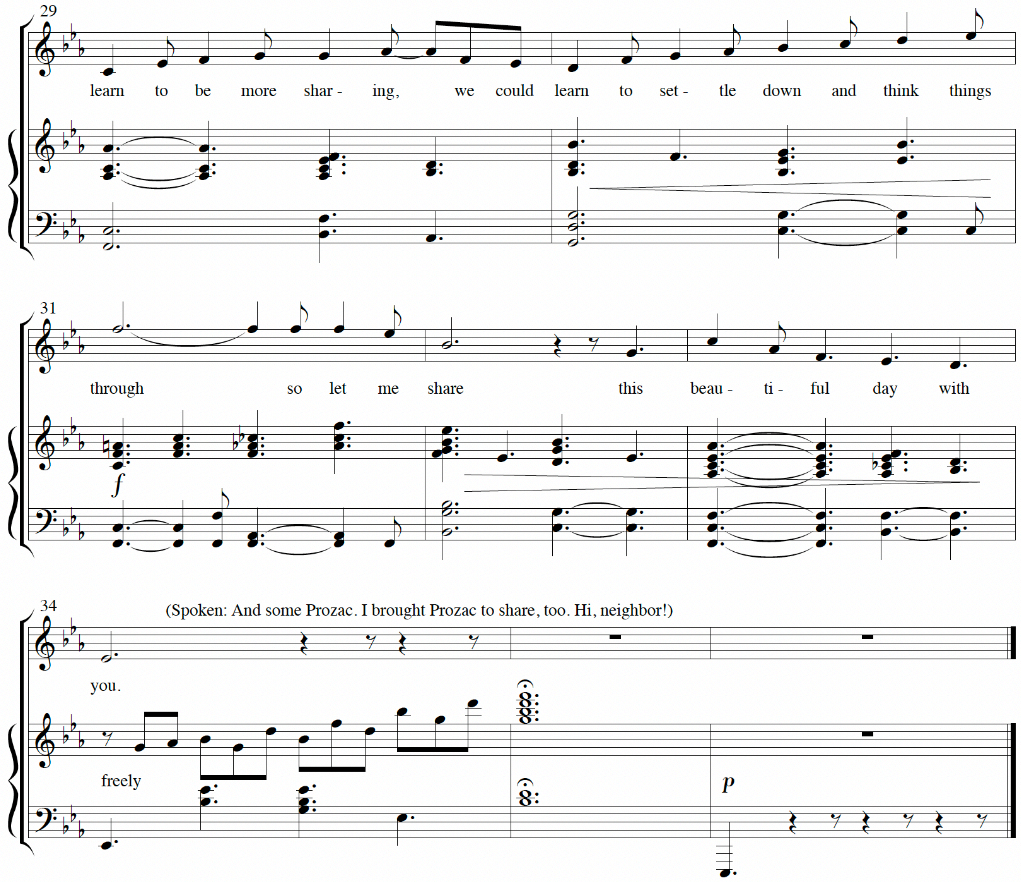
From "Mister Rogers, American Terminator"

Beautiful Day


♩. =87
Piano
1
f
ff
4
mf
It's a beau - ti - ful day in this neigh - bor - hood. Such a beau - ti - ful day for a
7
neigh - bor. Would you be my neigh - bor? Could you be my neigh - bor?
mp
mf
10
What a beau - ti - ful day, and how un - seas - son - a - bly warm!

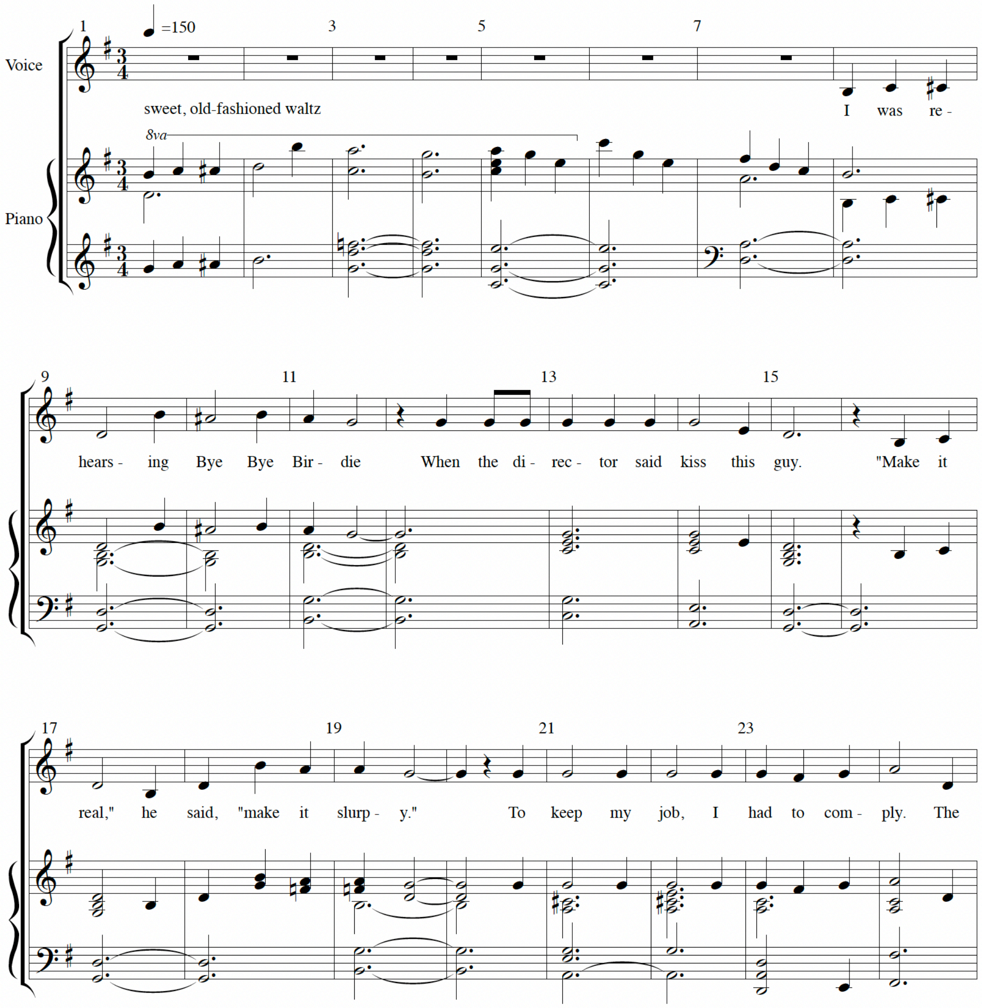

12
If this is cli - mate change, I don't see a - ny harm. Life will go as planned when your
mp
15
head is in the sand. We go end - less - ly drill - ing and spil - ling and loot - ing and
mf
17
no one is willing ing to end the pol - lu - ting that's poi - son - ing the earth and the
19
air. There's so ma - ny kill - ings and so ma - ny shoot - ings and
crescendo

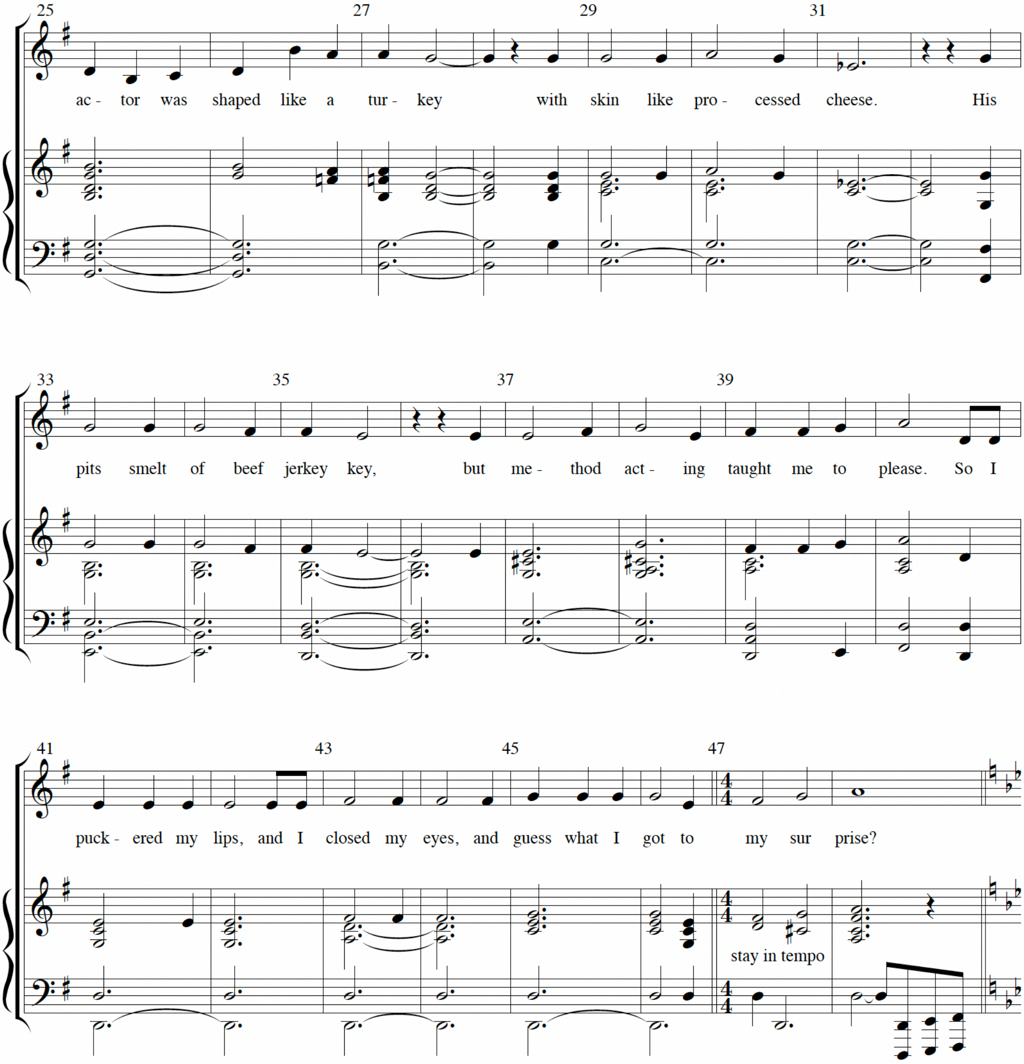

21
ev - 'ry - one's armed with in - tent to do harm, and we're short on com - mon sense, but we got
ritard
23
lots of thoughts and prayers.
What a beau - ti - ful day and I
a tempo mf
25
hope you're in the mood to spend some time to - ge - ther wat - ching the
27
world be - come un - glued. We could learn to be more car - ing, we could
mp

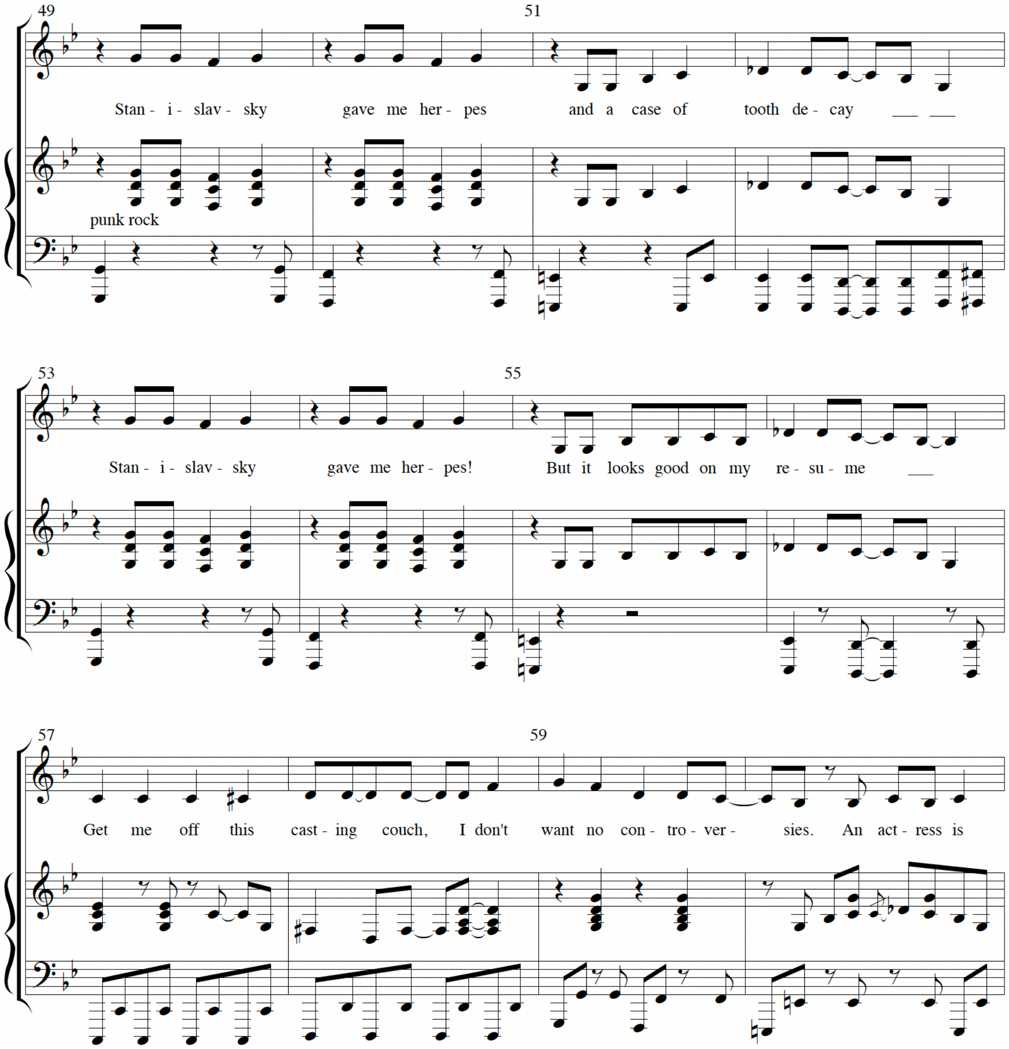

29
learn to be more shar - ing, we could learn to set - tle down and think things
31
through so let me share this beau - ti - ful day with
f
34
(Spoken: And some Prozac. I brought Prozac to share, too. Hi, neighbor!)
you.
freely
p

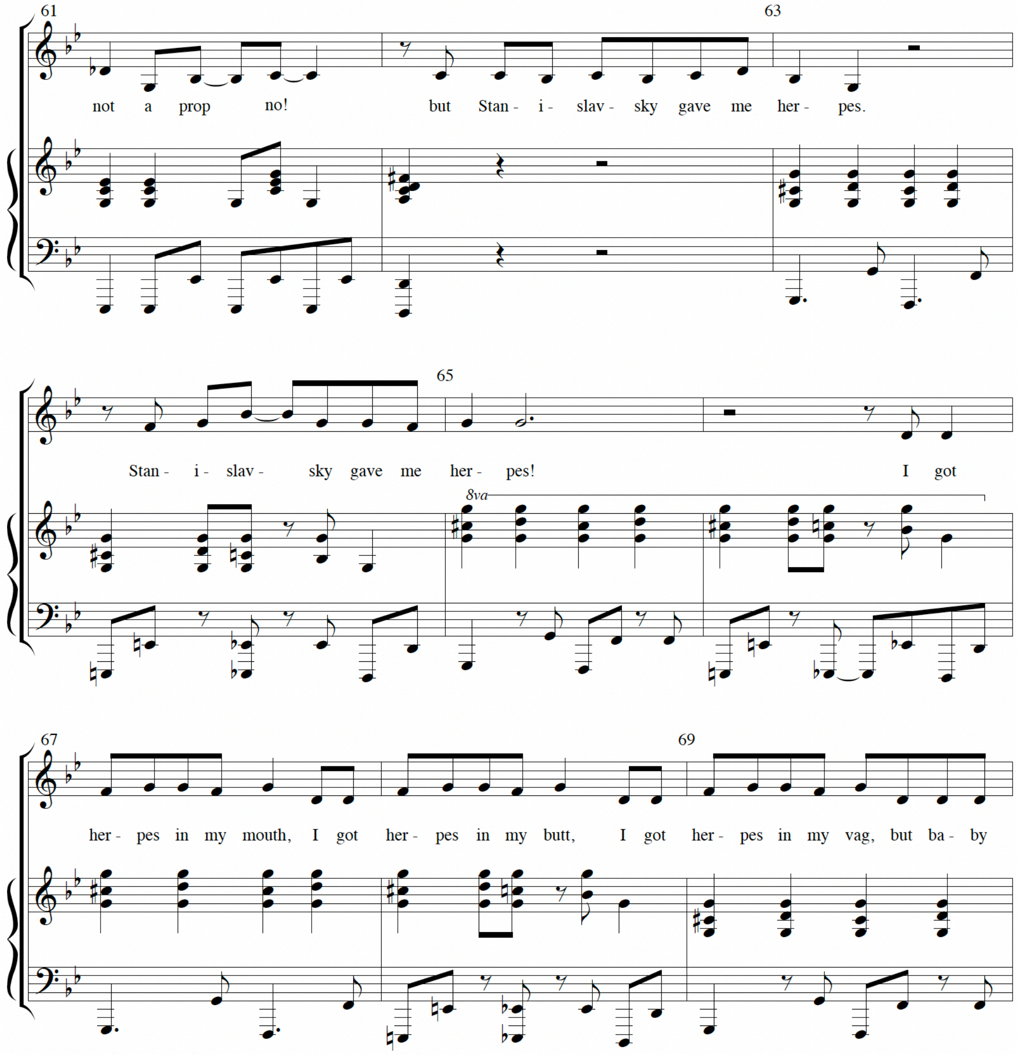
from "Mister Rogers, American Terminator"

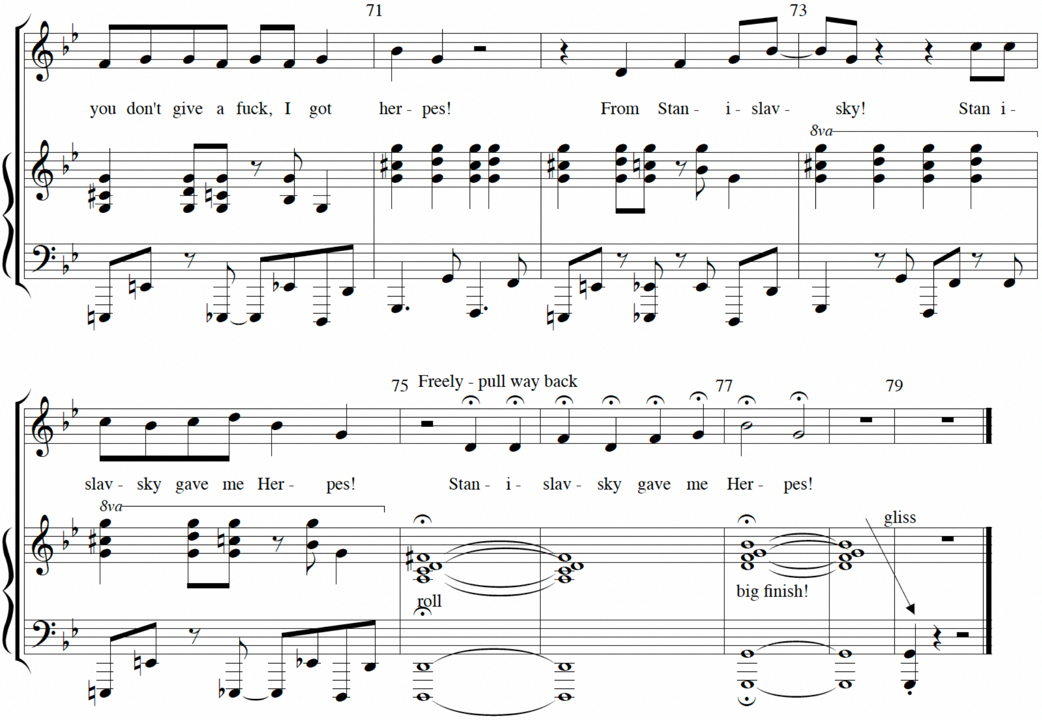
Stanislavsky Gave Me Herpes


Voice
Piano
♩ =150
sweet, old-fashioned waltz
8va
1
3
5
7
I was re -
9
11
13
15
hears - ing Bye Bye Bir - die When the di - rec - tor said kiss this guy. "Make it
17
19
21
23
real," he said, "make it slurp - y." To keep my job, I had to com - ply. The


ac - tor was shaped like a tur - key with skin like pro - cessed cheese. His
pits smelt of beef jerkey key, but me - thod act - ing taught me to please. So I
puck - ered my lips, and I closed my eyes, and guess what I got to my sur prise?
4/4
stay in tempo

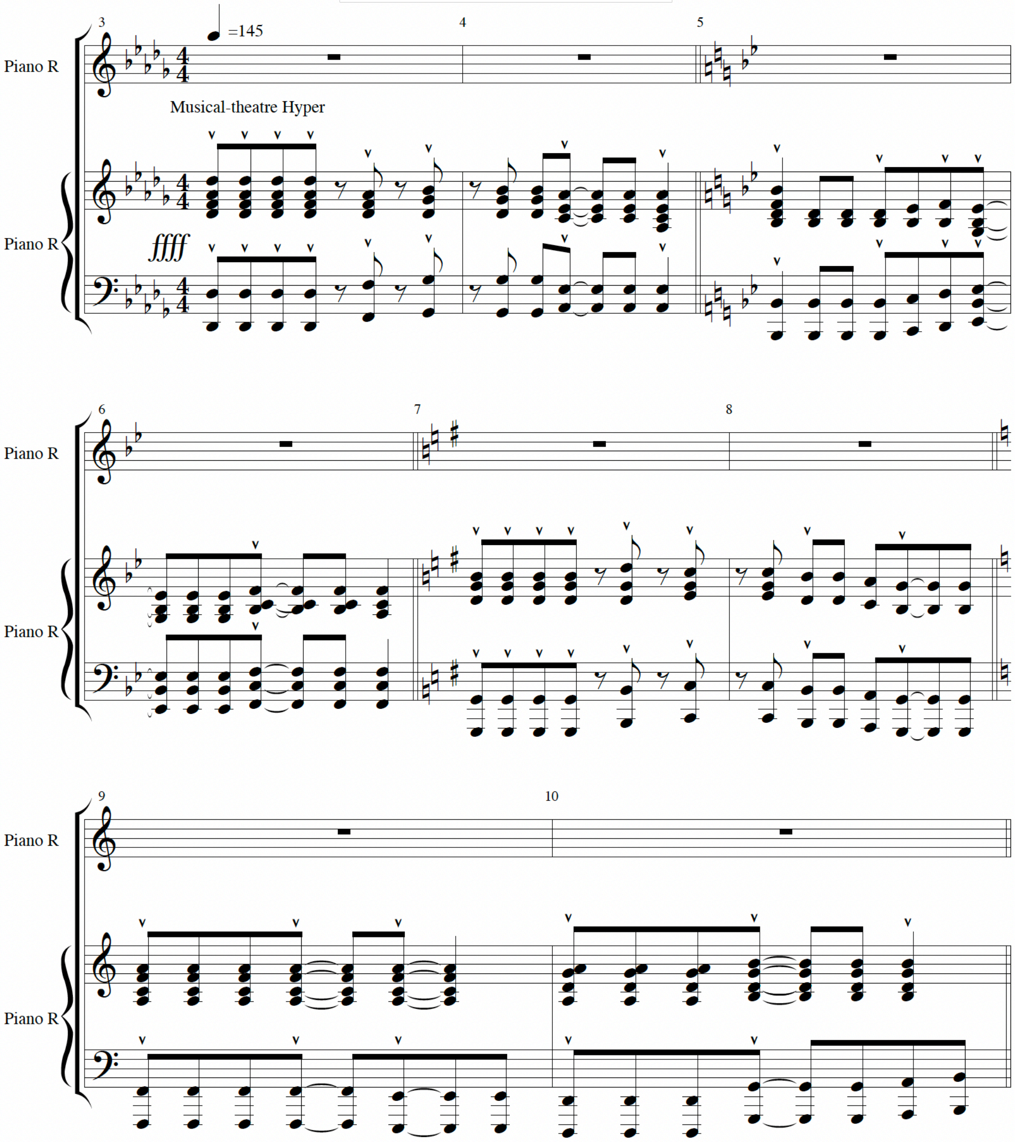

Stan - i - slav - sky gave me her - pes and a case of tooth de - cay ___ ___
punk rock
Stan - i - slav - sky gave me her - pes! But it looks good on my re - su - me ___
Get me off this cast - ing couch, I don't want no con - tro - ver - sies. An act - ress is

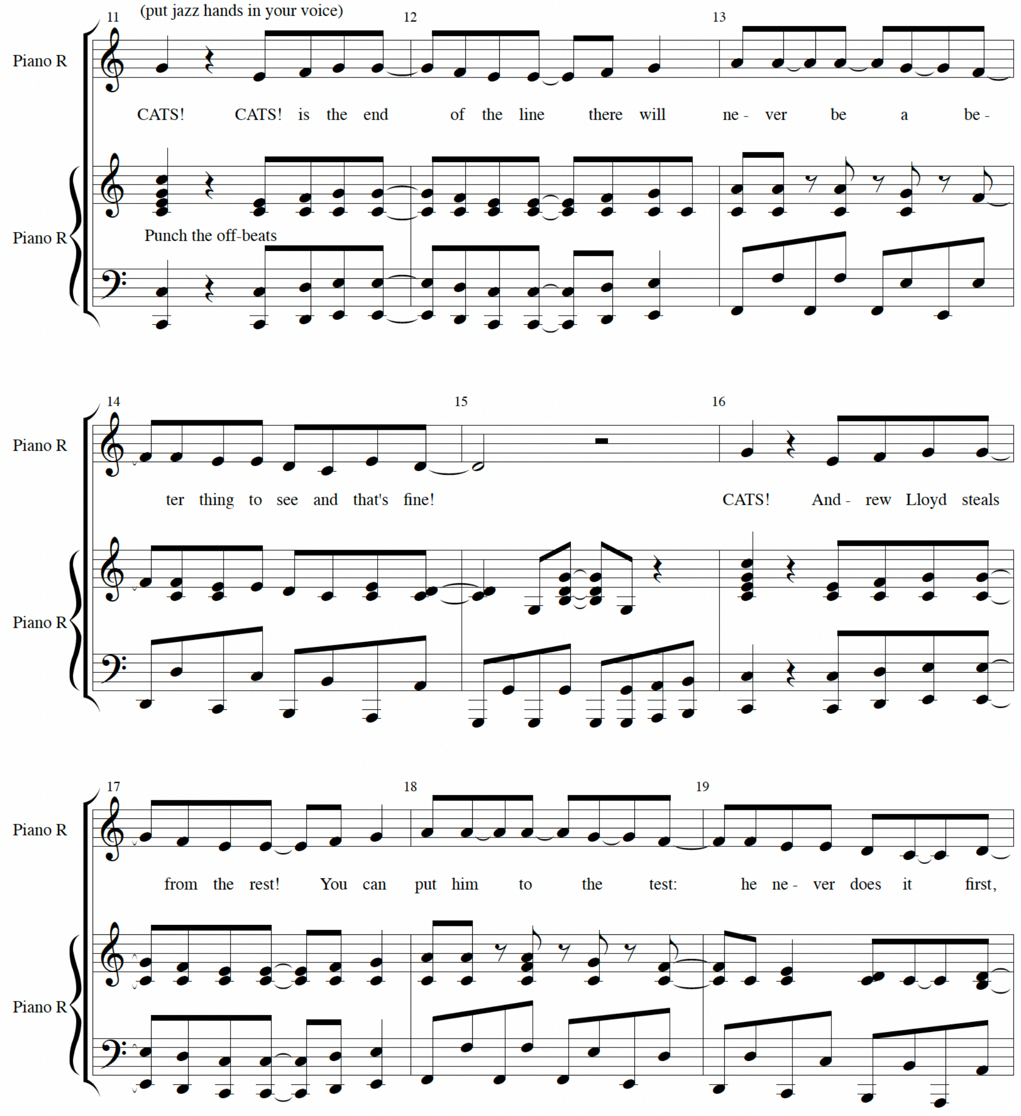

61
not a prop no!
but Stan - i - slav - sky gave me her - pes.
63
Stan - i - slav - sky gave me her - pes!
65
8va
I got
67
her - pes in my mouth, I got her - pes in my butt, I got her - pes in my vag, but ba - by
69

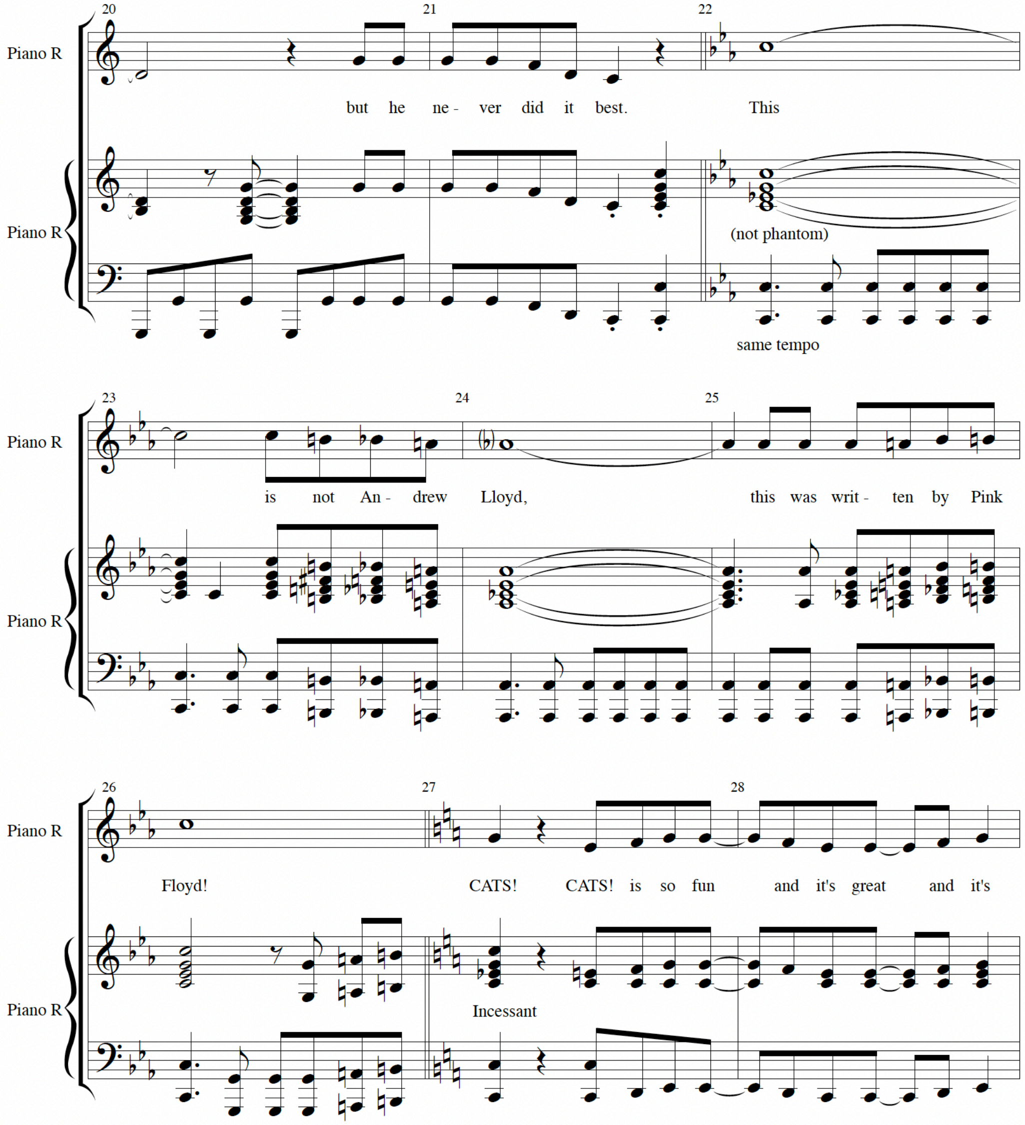

71
73
you don't give a fuck, I got her - pes! From Stan - i - slav - sky! Stan i -
8va
75
Freely - pull way back
77
79
slav - sky gave me Her - pes! Stan - i - slav - sky gave me Her - pes!
8va
roll
big finish!
gliss

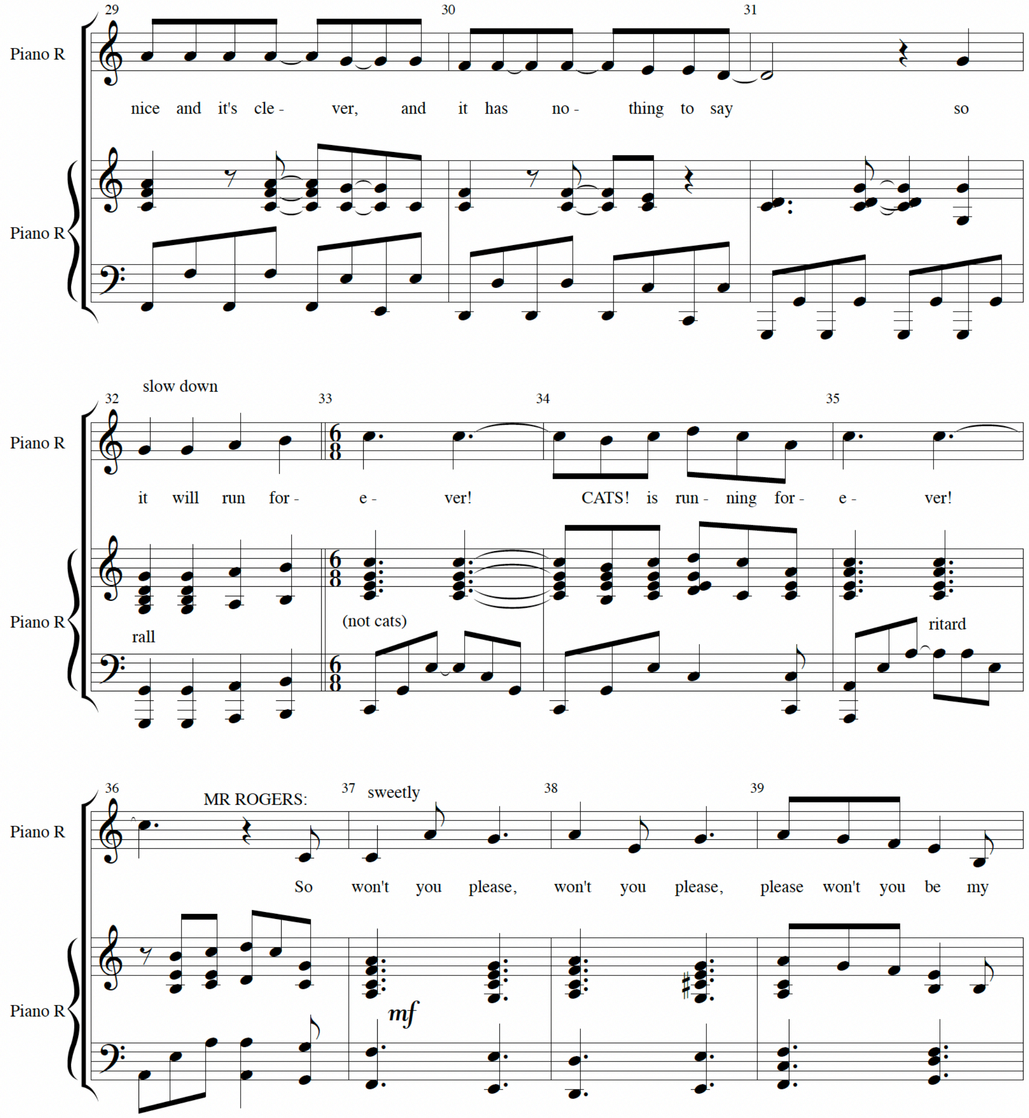
from "Mister Rogers, American Terminator"

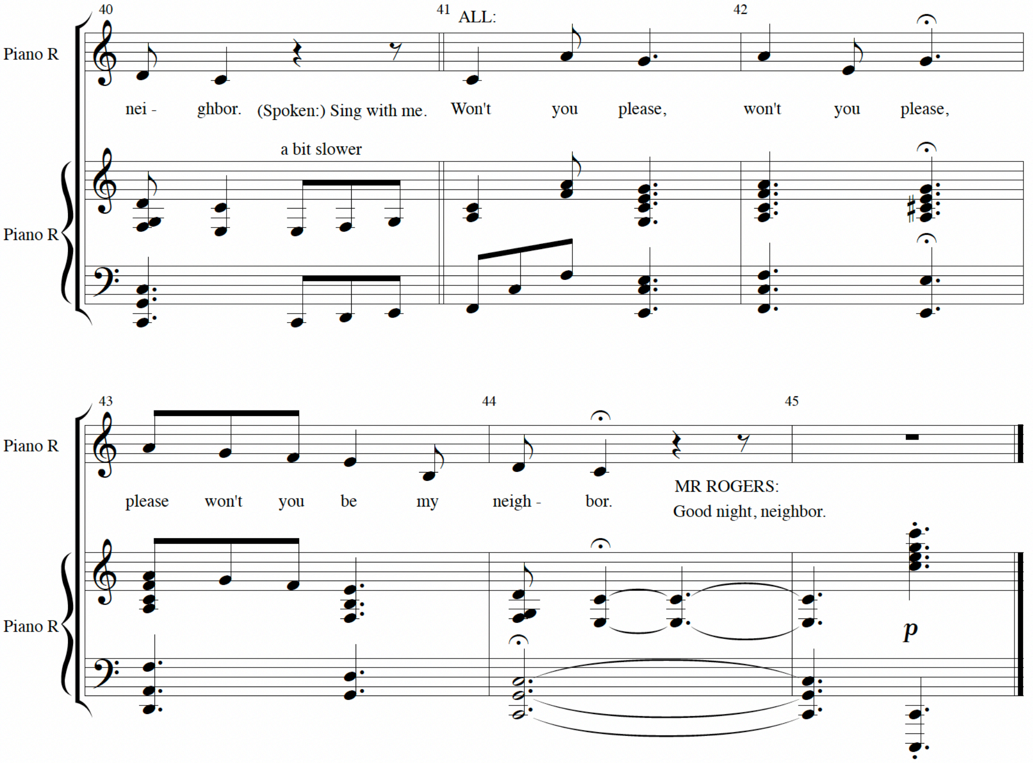
The Big Finale!


3
=145
4
5
Piano R
Musical-theatre Hyper
Piano R
ffff
6
7
8
Piano R
Piano R
9
10
Piano R
Piano R


11
(put jazz hands in your voice)
12
13
Piano R
CATS! CATS! is the end of the line there will ne - ver be a be -
Piano R
Punch the off-beats
14
15
16
ter thing to see and that's fine! CATS! And - rew Lloyd steals
17
18
19
from the rest! You can put him to the test: he ne - ver does it first,


20
21
22
Piano R
but he ne - ver did it best.
This
Piano R
(not phantom)
same tempo
23
24
25
is not An - drew Lloyd,
this was writ - ten by Pink
26
27
28
Floyd!
CATS! CATS! is so fun and it's great and it's
Incessant


29
30
31
Piano R
nice and it's cle - ver, and it has no - thing to say so
Piano R
32
slow down
33
34
35
Piano R
it will run for - e - ver! CATS! is run - ning for - e - ver!
Piano R
rall
(not cats)
ritard
36
MR ROGERS:
37
sweetly
38
39
Piano R
So won't you please, won't you please, please won't you be my
Piano R
mf


Piano R
40
nei - ghbor. (Spoken:) Sing with me.
a bit slower
41 ALL:
Won't you please,
42
won't you please,
43
please won't you be my
44
neigh - bor.
MR ROGERS:
Good night, neighbor.
45
p